

## Snape's New Dog

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## Snape's New Dog

by [younoknowme93](#)

### Summary

Padfoot is wondering around a muggle town when Severus sees him and thinking he's a stray he adopts him. Sirius wanting to prank the sour professor let's himself be adopted only to change his plan when he sees how Severus acts when no one's around. Mentions of child abuse:sexual physical emotional. There will be sex in later chapters.

### Notes

Again Severus will be a bit out of character. I've already written 14 chapters and I'll post them all (it may be a while until the next is posted) I tagged the warnings because there are moments that are... heavy. I hope you all enjoy. Onward my ducklings.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# Chapter 1

I should run. I should have already started running. But I can't move. I'm frozen to this spot. Not literally. But of all the people that could have open the door. I was not expecting a snarky unhygienic Snilvellus. I mean what is he even doing here. This is a muggle town. Not that wizards don't live in muggle towns, but from what I gather snarky unhygienic Snilvellus' do not. But maybe I was wrong. Not that I have the right to say anything. I am in this town. Well. My dog form is. I hate going back to Black manor, and since the dark lords downfall I admit I've visited 'home' very little.

This isn't even the first time I've used my dog form to beg for food. Normally muggles will freely give away scraps and it keeps me from having to go back home. But to see him here. Well. The building is falling apart, yes it suits him. He's never seen me as a dog and I'm fairly certain that he doesn't know about this form.

Maybe this is his summer dwelling. That would make sense. He kneels down and I can actually see the sunken in skin and how chapped his lips really are. Long fingers scratch my neck.

"You don't seem to have a collar. Were you abandoned?" He's talking more to himself than to me. He stands back up and opens the door wide. Is he trying to get me into his house? No way. Knowing him, he'd chop me up for potion ingredients. His head tilts to the side. "I'm not going to hurt you. Come inside and I'll get you some food." Food does sound good. And anyways, I'm sure I can handle myself against him. I've always been able to.

The inside is just as decaying. But it's clean. The inside is completely muggle. While I am observing my surroundings Snape lays a piece of partially cooked meat in front of me along with some water in a bowl. His fingers touch me again and a part of me debates on growling. But he's not done anything to harm me yet.

"I'm not going to hurt you. I just want to check to make sure that you don't have any injuries. I don't know if you're a stray or just abandoned." He's gone back to talking to himself. He looks different in muggle clothes. His clothes are plain. Dark denim pants and a dark green long sleeve shirt. It's summer. Is this man never hot. "I haven't seen any missing dog signs. But I'll give it a few more days before I decide what to do with you." He half pets my head then leaves me to my food.

Come next semester I will be teaching at Hogwarts, but until then I do not particularly want to go back home. Not that I really want to stay here. And I'm sure that if I asked I could stay with Harry, but he's newly married and I really don't want to bother him. Same with Moony. I miss James. With him around I never felt alone. It wasn't until Snivilious came back that I realized that I was whining loudly.

"I'll take you on a walk. At the very least, I will take care of you until I find your owners. After the walk, we can go by the pet store to get you some supplies." I briefly consider this. Staying with Snape for the time being. Actually this will be brilliant. Pranking him will be just what I need to get me out of this funk. I'll pretend to be a real dog until either the start of next school session or until he gets rid of me. But until then I'm sure I can find loads of dirt on him. I bark happily and he seems to take it as approval.

He seems to have a set destination so I just follow him. Most people didn't look in his direction, but one older lady pulled him from his thoughts and began talking to him.

"Severus, I see that you are back once again. How do you enjoy being a teacher for that boarding school, what did you say you taught again. Science right." He nods quietly.

"It's always eventful." If I could laugh at that then I would. Yes. Hogwarts is always eventful.

"But I wonder how you can have any time for yourself when you are so seldom at home. You are too young to not have a romance." She's waving her finger in his face.

"Ms. Vinny, I hardly see how that is any of your business." She laughs.

"My niece is about your age. She's a real beauty, I do wish you would let me set the two of you up."

"No. No. I do not need to be set up with anyone." She rolls her eyes.

"Since when do you have a dog?"

"I think he was abandoned, or maybe a runaway."

"That's a shame, such an attractive dog too. He needs a bath and to be brushed, but he looks to be a smart breed. Do you know what kind he is?"

"I'm not sure Ms. Vinny. We should be off, but make sure to give my best to your niece. I believe you told me her name was Quin the last time you tried to set us up." She laughs. He walks off before she can stop him again. I walk beside him. He seems almost human with his muggle clothes and small talk.

We aren't walking ten minutes before he stops and sits under this large tree. It's overlooking a lake. In the distance I can see a park and a nice neighborhood. The area is well taken care of. I hear him chant for a short period of time and the field is full of lilies.

"It'll be turned into a parking lot soon. This was our spot. It was the middle ground between our homes. She'd like it to have flowers. While it still can at least." His eyes are closed. I sit next to him. I've only known him to be friends with Lily. "It's been too long. I messed up in a lot of ways, but she was always on my side, even when I didn't deserve it." He shakes the thoughts from his head. He scratches behind my ear and I let him. Who knew he could actually be good for something. His nails are well taken care of and the scraping is relaxing. He lies back down. "You'd be proud of your son Lily. I'll be sure that he knows who you were. He has countless people to tell him about his father, but he needs to know about you." He sighs loudly. "He knows that we were close. He saw my memories, I showed him. But that was when I thought I was going to die. I don't know how to go about talking to him about you."

He sits up again. "You were always good about helping with social interaction. I just don't understand." His fingers grip into his hair. It doesn't look as oily as it normally does. "You aren't alive. I can't keep talking to you like you are. I'm not crazy. A little lonely maybe, but not crazy." He growls loudly then looks at me.

"I'm not crazy." I doubt anyone has seen this side of the old dungeon bat. "The dark lord is gone. Dumbledore is retireing. I'm no longer a spy for either. I'm free. McGonagall is going to be the headmistress, she's training this year under Dumbledore. But her classes are being replaced with Sirius Black." He growls again. "Damn it Lily. Why does he have to be there? Hogwarts is the only real home I've ever had and anytime he's there he makes it hell." He sighs. "I'll handle it for this school year and then quit. I refuse to let others think I'm leaving because of him. I'll just avoid him to the best of my abilities. Worst comes to worst I can create excuses to start taking my meals in my quarters. I'll be okay Lily." I know we never got along, but is my presence that difficult for him. He licks his chapped lips in a nervous way.

"No doubt rumors will spread about that too." He looks tired. "No doubt you'd think me a coward for running from him, but damn it Lily you have to understand." He grunts in frustration. "You're gone. You were all I had, and you're gone. I was never meant to be like this. I was content to just." He clinches his eyes shut. When he looks at me his expression has changed.

"Don't worry boy I'm not crazy, and I won't hurt you. I'll make sure you're taken care of. It'll be good to have something to talk to other than myself." He nods to himself then stands abruptly.

"Come on boy, let's go to the pet store to get some things." I follow him taking on my role as pet fairly easily. He does act a lot different when no one is around.

The streets are narrow so I hug against his leg when we walk. In my dog form I'm fairly big. His fingers tips brush my back as we walk. I'm not sure if he notices.

The store is small and most likely family run. They greet him by name when he walks in. He responds back friendly. Is he always friendly with these muggles, or is it because the war is over.

"Ms. Cats, how are you doing today." He addresses a tall stout woman who leans down to pet me. She was stocking shelves before.

"Severus, I wasn't aware that you had a dog." She scratches my ear while smiling up at him.

"He just showed up today actually. I think he may be abandoned or a runaway, he's in too good of condition to have been on the streets for long. I may adopt him if he isn't currently owned." I want to laugh at the thought of Snivilius actually adopting me. "He's intelligent." Well, Snape isn't an idiot at least.

"I haven't heard of a missing dog, but I'll look around for you. I do hope you adopt him, it'll do you good to have some kind of companion." She winks at him. Is she actually flirting with him. She's not unattractive and actually looks genuine. "But how would that work, you're away for so long at that boarding school?"

"The school is fairly relaxed with animals, many of the students have pets. Though dogs are not one of the approved animals I'm sure I could hide him in my room during the day." She pauses for a moment and then they both laugh.

"I remember when you came to ask my mom about how to care for newborn kittens. And you had been hiding them in your room so that your parents wouldn't find out."

"No no, you have that confused. I had the squirrel hidden in my room; the kittens were kept at Lily's."

"That's right. Your parents were always so strict about animals." Snape nods thoughtfully. The silence is thick for a moment. "So you need some things for him. What's his name?"

"To my knowledge he doesn't have one. He wasn't wearing a collar and I'm reluctant to name him if he already has a name. I don't want to confuse him especially if he does have an owner."

"And knowing you, you don't want to get attached. You never change." He rolls his eyes.

"I wouldn't even begin to know how to name something. Me and names have never really gotten along. I'd hate to stick him with something he wouldn't like."

"Just choose a name you like or a name you think suits him. Great thing about dogs, they don't judge." She pets me one last time then grabs a collar and a leash. "Make sure to walk him a lot. I know you don't like leaving the house, but it'll be good for him. And good for you. Do you have a preference for dog food?" Yuck. He shakes his head.

"I'd rather feed him actual meat." She nods.

"That is becoming more and more common. Though it can get on the expensive side. Here's a food and water bowl." The chatter between them is comfortable.

"Should I get him a toy? I admit I know little about animals."

"Some dogs like to play with them, some don't. It's really your call." He looks at the shelf containing all of the toys. His eyes are calculating. No, Snape isn't one to make a choice lightly. He picks two toys and then pays for the total. He puts the collar on me and then the leash. The rest he carries in a plastic bag. The leash is around his wrist.

I've never walked on a leash and I test how stern he is. When I slow down my stride he does to. When I speed up, he matches me again. We walk side by side. As equals. He never yanks the leash or allows me to get ahead of him. As a human we never viewed each other as equals, but now, it feels right.

His fingers effortlessly unleash me. "There you go boy. I'm gonna leave the collar on though." He hooks two fingers between the material and my fur. "Good, it's not too tight." He scratches me softly, a light smile on his face. He looks strange and different without his scowl. "She said to name you something that suits you or a name I like. Even if it's just a temporary thing, you deserve a name. Everyone deserves the respect of being called by their name right." I can't answer. I'm a dog. But I have no doubts he's referring to himself. "Sirius." The name startles me. I'm found out.

"That's a good name. And it suits you." His smile is wide and almost cheerful. "I've always liked that name. And it fits." He sits cross legged in front of me.

"A name is a reflection of who you are. The 'Sirius' constellation is the dog star and it's said to be the brightest star in the sky. So that means with a name like Sirius the person is bound to be the brightest person in the room." His cheeks are a light pink. He shakes it away. "And you're a dog, so it's like a play on words. It's a good name." He confirms again. I don't have time to dwell on the new information before he picks me up and brings me to the bathroom.

"Please be a good boy. You really need a bath, especially if you're going to be running around inside. I promise to make it fast." The water is run and he tests the temperature multiple times. "Okay Sirius, time for a bath." I debate running just to amuse myself. But he's acting so sincere. All he wants to do is bathe me so that he doesn't have a dirty dog in the house. I suppose that wouldn't be the end. "Come here Sirius." I go to him at the use of my first name. I let him lift me into the tub and gently wash the mud from my fur.

His long elegant fingers are magic. Many nasty things can be said about him, but his hands are beautiful. A groan of contentment crosses my muzzle when he scratches a particularly wonderful spot.

"You're such a good boy Sirius. I can't believe an owner would abandon you. But why would you runaway. Were you mistreated?" The bath is over before I'm ready for it to be. He dries me with a fuzzy red and gold towel. Interesting to have Gryffindor colors in a Slytherin's house. After words he runs a brush through my fur a few times. Once he is finished, he lifts his arms high above his head, and sighs loudly at the popping sound.

"We probably have time for a quick one before dinner." He nods to himself. A quick what. I follow him, but he seems accepting of me padding after him. In the sitting room is a small muggle television and a large well-worn sofa. He half tosses a box of tissues on the couch before sifting through dvds. Oh Merlin. Tell me he isn't planning on jacking off. I'm not okay with this. The shirt is taunt over his body. Even fully clothed, he looks naked without his large bulky robes. He looks a lot different than when we were student. He's still very lean and he has few muscles, but he's more comfortable in his movements. And no doubt his body has matured since James and I stripped him in front of half the school. I'm actually curious.

But watching a man- any man jack off is not something I want to see. Especially not a slimy evil big nosed jerk of a Slytherin. But his hair isn't as oily as it normally is. And I doubt an evil person would take in a stray dog. And his nose is only slightly miss-shaped. At least he's still a Slytherin.

"This one's great. You can watch to Sirius. I haven't had someone to watch these with since Lily." He pauses for a moment. He use to watch porn with Lily? He walks over. He takes out the disk and

throws the case next to the tissues. I read the title. 'Love Actually' (1) "I know it's a Christmas movie, but I love these kind of movies. Shh it's our secret okay?" He giggles. Yes giggles like a girl. He pats the sofa beside him. "You can sit up here Sirius, were equals. If I can sit somewhere so can you. And you're clean now, so it's fine." I jump up immediately.

The movie is pretty good. Half way through Snape is reaching for the tissues patting at his eyes.

"You stupid jerk, you have a family. How could you just buy that floozy a necklace. You hurt your wife so bad. You have a family for merlin's sake." Tears are flowing freely. It's not even that sad. "You're going to be alone and you're going to regret abandoning someone who loves you. Don't be alone Damn it." He's screaming at the movie. By the end of the movie Snape's eyes are puffy. "Damn I love that movie." He scratches my head. "Did you like it Sirius." He's smiling like he expects me to answer. "I always have to watch movies alone now. Apparently I'm scary and unlikeable. Oh and don't forget, I have no friends." He rolls his eyes. "We should eat." He smiles at me freely. This is comfortable. I can see why Lily was friends with him. I can see why she would protect him so easily. He's never like this around the wizarding world. He must keep himself pretty guarded. For a moment I actually feel like I'm invading something private and personal.



## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

Woo chap two. Onward my ducklings.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

I've been here a few nights already. Every night he does the same thing. When he climbs into bed under the heavy sheets he pats beside him.

"Up Sirius, you can sleep in the bed with me. It'll be a lot more comfortable than sleeping on the floor." I'm a touch reluctant as always, but as he pats the bed again I jump on it and curl up. He looks honestly happy for me to be next to him. "I know it's cruel of me to say, but I'm glad no one is looking for you. I'd hate to be alone again. His words are entirely too sincere for a man I'm supposed to hate.

After he fell asleep I transformed needing to feel my human legs stretch. Laying on his bed feels a lot more intimate while being a human. Quiet mewls of pleasure briefly come out of his mouth. Even in my regular form I can smell the arousal. He's thrusting up shallowly. Frustrated tears slide down his face even in sleep. His legs are quivering. He only has a long night shirt on and a pair of simple boxers. He's lying on top of the covers in restless sleep.

His legs- like the rest of him are pale, but they are surprisingly hairless. That's odd, especially for a grown man. He's still asleep so I continue my assessment of him. There is a very obvious tent in his boxers. His night shirt has ridden up just above his belly button. His hips are gently thrusting up in need. His waist is narrow and feminine. Checking again to make sure he's asleep I lift his shirt up a little more. His stomach is flat and pale. He doesn't have an ounce of fat, but I can see his ribs clearly. My hand slides further up and a loud whine escapes the unconscious man.

"Please don't tease me. Not use to it." More whines though the actual words are inaudible. His hand grasps my hand and moves it lower. "Please. Need it. Wonna be touched." The words are gasped out and I almost forget he's asleep. I can smell the desperation mixing with arousal and sweat. Gentle snores break the sentences up. My hand is on him. It doesn't matter how girly his hips may be or how hairless his legs are. It can not be denied that this part of him is completely male.

I can't pull my hand away. His grip is weak, but I can't break it. If I remove my hand I will break him. This honest comfort at a dream returning affection. I squeeze his erection more out of reflex from all the times I've masturbated. Old habits and all. His body spasms for a second and with a silent scream and unmistakable stain covers his black boxers. I return to my dog form immediately.

He startles awake completely flushed. Looking down he growls. His dark tired eyes are clinched shut. He looks to me.

"Sirius, please don't tell anyone about this. It's quite embarrassing for a man of my age to still suffer from," he pauses, "this type of things. I was doing so well to. It has only happened when I see Sirius." He pauses for a moment. "Not you boy, the other Sirius, he's not sweet like you, and well he's also a human. But I was doing good, I thought I was cured. That come the new semester I wouldn't have to clean my sheets every time I wake. But now it's gotten worse. Even when he's not here, it still happens." So he dreams about me. I don't know how I feel about that.

He spells himself clean and then takes to pacing the room. He is an interesting specimen.

"I hate that bastard." He finally says. He turns to me. "I can't talk to Sirius, the other Sirius I mean. Hell who wouldn't want to bed him and here I am with my awkward emotions, unattractive expressions, and pissy attitude. The last thing I need is him to realize that," At least he knows his short comings. He's pacing becomes faster. "The last thing I need is for him to think I like him or something." He pauses midstride.

"Sirius, don't tell anyone that." He's begging me. "I couldn't stand if someone knew. And the nightly emissions are probably just due to neglecting basic human needs. A perfectly natural and logical occurrence when one has been alone the length that I have." His fingers pull at his limp hair. "I just need to brew some potions. That's what I need to do." I follow him out of the room. I haven't been in this part of the house yet. Up the stairs and down the hall. A few rooms are completely closed off. I feel strong locking charms on them.

"You going to come in Sirius, I don't mind you coming in while I brew potions. I'm not going to brew anything that could hurt your little doggy lungs." He smiles softly at me. I lay down comfortably on a rug near his work table. I hear him gently humming. "What potion should we make?" A frantic knocking on the door. "Okay, maybe we can brew something later." He sighs. "I was really looking forward to making a potion." He's actually pouting. The frantic knocking gets louder.

He answers the door relatively quickly after slipping a bath robe on. It's pretty late for a visitor, but he isn't shocked to have someone knocking on his door so late. When he opens the door a very tired looking woman comes in. She's looks to be mid-thirties.

"I hate to disturb you Severus."

"Bella again?"

"Yes, the dreams. I was wondering if you had any more of that herbal tea? It's the only thing." He smiles slightly. His eyes are sincere.

"I always keep some on hand. Sirius, can you keep her company while I go and fetch some for her." He goes into the kitchen for only a moment before coming out with a vile of a dreamless sleep potion. "Now, remember, this is very concentrated and should be diluted. Three drops for eight ounces of water. No more, no less." She laughs lightly.

"Thank you very much Severus. How much do I owe you." He shakes his head.

"Nope. Just go on home."

"But you always have some on hand. Could you at least tell me how to make some so that I can stop bothering you about it?"

"Can't do that either. Secret recipe and all that." She rolls her eyes. Then laughs.

"Thank you. Again." She wraps her arms around him for a moment. He looks stiff and uncomfortable. She laughs again. "I'll be heading home. Thank you."

"You're welcome." They said a brief and professional goodbye and she left. He looks at me.

"I am not a softy. And it's our secret that I'm giving potions to muggles. And little Bella is a special case. The poor girl has been having awful nightmares since she got violated. What kind of monster sexually violates anyone much less someone who hasn't even hit puberty?" He shakes his head, but

His face brightens up in the next second. "Let's watch another movie." He thumbs through the many different movies.. "Ooo, I like this one." He slides the disk in and takes his seat and looks at me expectantly.

"I really enjoy this movie. A wizard created the story, he got many of the ideas from the wizarding world. Especially dealing with most of the creatures. Although I don't personally know of any caterpillar that talks." He laughs. "Blue or otherwise. Muggles love it though." (1) Midway through the movie he removed the robe and lays more comfortably on the couch. His legs have curled on the couch. Before the movie ends I hear his soft snores as he drifts off to sleep. The sound is so comfortable that I also let myself fall asleep.

I woke up to a weight on top of me. Limp dark hair covers the majority of his face though his large nose pokes out slightly. He's curled tightly into the fetal position. My back is being used as a pillow; his fingers are grasping at my fur. Quite whimpers occasionally escape his mouth. He's thoroughly unconscious. Shifting back into my human form his head falls to my lap. His hand now grasping my pants leg. The whimpers grow louder and more fearful.

I'm already pushing my luck, if he wakes up to me in my human form, it's all over. Whatever reason I have for being here will be gone. I should cut my losses, but earlier he seemed genuinely upset that the dog he's adopted might belong to someone else. My fingers pull the curtain of hair back. The hair is soft. It is slightly oily to the touch, but up close I can tell that the hair is healthy and decently taken care of. He hums happily when I continue to touch his hair, the whimpers dissipate and he returns to his soft snores.

This person isn't the same man that would come to order meetings. He doesn't spur my anger. No. This man acts almost gentle and fragile. He isn't the same as the boy I knew in school either. Not that I really knew him as a person. Only Lily knew him that way, and she was never forthcoming with information that would harm him. But this person acts human. Vulnerable and broken and awkward.

I change back near dawn. Pleased mews start echoing from his body nearly half an hour later. Not knowing what else to do, I stay still with his head laying on me. His fingers grip my fur feverishly. His hips make awkward shallow thrusts before he startles awake. Face slightly flush he groans unhappily.

"I'm not fourteen anymore. This isn't acceptable." No he isn't the same person. I'll admit I've had little contact with this man since the war ended, but he's too different for such a short period of time. I look up when he sighs loudly.

"He's coming over today. I really don't know if I'm ready for this." He looks at me. "Be on your best behavior, we have company today." He looks at the large grandfather clock. "But he shouldn't be here for another few hours." Who is coming over. And who is he to tell me to be on my best behavior.

Snape is pacing the floor. Back and forth and then he glances at the clock. He goes back to pacing. It's twelve minutes until two. He's been pacing for the past ten minutes. He changed his clothes and though they are still muggle, they appear much more oppressing than the lighter clothes I've seen him wear the last several days. At five till two the doorbell rings. He freezes. For a moment I wonder if he will answer the door or just pretend he didn't hear it.

His movements are calculated and rigid. He answers the door and I hear him mutter 'Potter' in acknowledgement. Shit. Harry knows about this form. I just hope he knows how to be tactful. My godson walks into the sitting room and immediately stares at me.

"I wasn't aware you had a dog professor?" He states simply all while smiling at me. Smart boy. He reminds me so much of his father.

"A neighbor went out of town and asked that I watch the beast. Though I loathe having it shed in my home." Snape doesn't even bat an eye at the lie. So he's back to being the same git he's always been.

"Professor before we start the conversation could you be bothered to point me in the direction of the loo?" Snape mouths out the simple directions. After Harry leaves, I wait a minute before following him.

I follow him into the bathroom and he locks the door behind him.

"Explain." I change back.

"It's a long story, just don't rat me out." I whisper back. "I've been staying with him for a few days now. He lied to you. He thought I was a stray and he took me in. He's been taking care of me like I was part of his family. I'll give you all of the details later." I keep my voice down. "Why are you here?"

"He asked me over for tea. He said he had matters that he needed to discuss with me. That's all the letter said."

"It's about your mom. I know this is going to sound bonkers, but just be patient with him for this. I think he's afraid to talk to you."

"What are you talking about?"

"Harry, he's different when no one is around. I don't know how to explain it. We'll talk later, just keep that in mind." He nods and I turn back. Flushing the toilet we both walk out of the room.

"He's offlly protective of you and your home to just be the neighbor's dog." Harry sits down at the chair Snape motions to. Tea is served and Harry continues. "He kept glaring at me every step I took, like he was making sure I didn't break some rule." He half laughs. Snape makes no comment. The silence is thick. "Why did you invite me sir."

"We have," He clears his throat. "much to discuss. You've met many people that were close to your father." He sneers at the last word. "And as you found out when I was presumed to be dying, your mother and I were very close."

"The two of you were friends." Snape half nods.

"For the most part, yes. Did you know the," He pauses. "The reason you were brought up by your Aunt and her Husband."

"The reason never came up."

"It was because neither of your god parents were able to raise you."

"I only have a god father." Snape shakes his head.

"No, you also have a godmother. Sort of anyways."

"Professor I don't quite understand."

"I wouldn't expect you to. Only Dumbledore knew. Your mother and I, well as far as I'm concerned

she is my sister. We supported each other. And endearingly she would occasionally call me her sister." He holds up his hand to silence any comments. "She was fiercely protective of me. Neither of us came from stable home environments –I will not go into the major details." Snape's shoulders are stiff. "Though I have always had difficulties with your father, I never had doubts that he loved Lily. And though he disliked me he trusted Lily's judgement that I would –despite our mutual distaste for one another-never hurt their son. Lily was adamant that I be made the 'God mother' of their only child." Snape is looking into his tea cup.

"Professor," Snape cuts him off.

"I would have taken you in had the situation been different. As it was, many rightfully believed that Tom Riddle would return. So I was unable to raise you in case the Order needed a spy. Again. I regretted lacking the ability to keep you from that abusive environment."

"You hate me. You hated my father. My father tormented you when you were in Hogwarts." Snape laughs darkly.

"Even with everything your father and his friends did, I still was treated better at Hogwarts. I never hated him." He sighs. "And It would be impossible for me to thoroughly hate you, but I was under watch. Should any death eater inform Voldemort that I showed any level of tolerance to you, it would have raised suspicion. Since your birth I have done everything –that wouldn't raise suspicion or end my ability to spy- to protect you." They sit in silence for a long while. Snape sips his tea slowly. He refills his cup and puts in several spoons on sugar.

"Professor, I do not know what to say."

"I have some things for you. They were your mother's. Some diaries and photos. She wanted you to have them when you were older." A shrunken box is placed on the table and carefully slid over to Harry.

"Professor Snape? It's been nearly a year since Voldemort's death, why are you waiting till now to give these to me."

"I've been dragging my feet because," he takes a sip of his tea and exhales. He's obviously uncomfortable. "Many of your mothers memories have me in them. And I am still hesitant at you knowing personal guarded secrets."

"I would never try to use them against you."

"I am aware of that. I simply do not like sharing this facet of my life with anyone."

"What was she like? I've been wondering for a while, but anyone I've ever asked has always said the same thing. That she was kind and gentle. I mean. She gave her life for me to live." Snape laughs. It isn't cruel. It's almost like a deep giggle.

"She was far from gentle and as far as being kind, well I would sooner have crossed Voldemort over Lily." He's talking between laughs. "I suppose essentially I did. We knew each other since we were five or so. She had an immense hatred towards men."

"Well she didn't hate you." He's laughing more.

"I told you. She called me her sister. More than once. She never saw me as a guy. I suppose it didn't help that from a young age I was pretty effeminate."

"I know it's not my place to ask. And I certainly hope it doesn't sour your mood, but professor, are

you gay." His shoulders are stiff. The tea is firmly set on the table.

"I wouldn't say that I am, and I wouldn't say that I'm not." His index finger traces the rim of the cup. "I have been interested in few people as far as intimacy is concerned. What with the two wars. I didn't imagine I would survive either so the concept of a romantic endeavor is lost on me." A long quiet stretches between them.

"But you did survive." Snape nods.

"That I did."

"And now you have a chance to do the things you wouldn't previously consider."

"Harry. You aren't a child anymore. So I'll level with you. You will find out about most of this anyways when you go through your mother's things." He clears his throat. "My father didn't know that my mother was a witch. He didn't know that magic even existed. He was.. well a fairly normal father until I was about four when I started showing signs of magic. I've always been.. odd," His hands are clinched together under his lap. "Father hated that I was different. He started drinking a lot. When I would do something magical, he would punish me. I'm sure you can understand that." They look at each other knowingly.

"His preferred punishment was isolation. When he grew tired of physical punishments he would simply lock me in my room for days. He did that since I was young. Aside from Lily, I've never really had much luck getting people to like me. And quite bluntly, trying to convey my emotions terrify the shit out of me."

Out of reflex I nudge his leg with my nose. He pats my head and smiles at me.

"Professor Snape, you seem to be really attached to your neighbor's dog."

"I have no idea what you are talking about." He scratches behind my ear with those long fingers. "Harry, if it's not so much to ask. Please call me Severus. Just my first name. I am no longer your professor and I detest my surname. I don't really care for my first name either, but it's more tolerable."

"It might take me some time, but I will try to remember. I never realized you hated your last name so much." The air is more relaxed between them. "I should be getting back home. Maybe I can come visit again." Snape tenses.

"I would enjoy that. Before you go, I was wondering, how your godfather is doing." He's looking at his hands.

"Why do you ask Severus?"

"I will be forced to endure his idiocy once term starts, and any oddities in his behavior will cause me trouble."

"Severus, you don't hate him do you." His hands tense as he exhales.

"No. I don't."

"He's more stable since the war ended, but I think he's lonely. I know he starts it a lot of the times, and I know your past with him is difficult, but I don't think he hates you either. Maybe you should invite him for tea."

"Maybe."

"Severus, since your trying to be open with me, how long exactly have you been in love with my godfather?" My head snaps back and forth between them as Snape chokes on his tea.

"Regrettably a while. You will keep it to yourself." Harry nods.

"I had a feeling, and I won't say anything. Good luck with that endeavor." Their goodbye is awkward and I'm left with him.

"Well that went better than I expected it to." He says aloud. He scratches my head. "Could make it awkward if he ever found out though. Fuck. The school year could be hell if he's calling me queer every time we see each other. And like hell I'm going to ask him over for tea and have a heart to heart with him."

So he is interested in me. Romantically. He has been kind to me thus far. Well the dog me. And he does seem to have more depth than I thought. And he isn't as unattractive as I thought. When he smiles he could almost be called... He's different than I thought.

He shakes his head.

"I'm not going to worry over it. I've gone this long without a relationship what's another fifty or so years. Yea, some people just aren't meant for relationships. And I really don't mind being alone." He nods agreeing with himself. "Actually, I'm glad to have your company Sirius." He scratches my head while smiling. He isn't a bad person. If not for him a lot more lives could have been lost during the war. And I never was nice to him. I constantly called him a traitor. I don't hate him. I wonder if I ever really did. I was obsessed. Mostly with making him angry, but obsessed all the same. We aren't the same as we were during our school days. Only Remus and I are left of the marauders, and Remus never agreed with the bullying.

"What do you want to do Sirius, we could go for a walk, or watch a movie, I have been needing to brew some potions, but a nap could be lovely. Oh! A bath. Yes a bath." I follow him down the hall. "With lots of bubbles and bath toys." I catch a glimpse of the bathroom. The tub takes up half of it. "Sorry Sirius, you got to wait out here. But I'll give you a bath afterwards. He closes the door and since I don't know what else to do I lay down by the door and listen to the water running. The rushing of water stops abruptly. I can smell the different scents coming from the crack under the door. He always takes long baths and every other time I've roamed the halls and rooms trying to find something to use against him. It seems juvenile now. He baths regularly. He's decent to his neighbors. He's a person.

A soft dull buzzing sound comes from the room. He must be shaving. Soft gasps catch my ears. The buzzing sound grows louder as do the gasps. Whimpers are growing louder on the other side of the door. I can faintly hear mumbled words. Occasionally I can hear my name moaned out followed by pleased sounds. Fuck. He's not shaving. I'm not naive. I know what those sounds are. This is a private moment. A private moment about *me*. Something I shouldn't know about, least of all hear about.

I know that many gay guys have been 'into' me. But I'm not like that. Least of all with someone like Snape. If I were going to be gay, I could have my pick. He certainly wouldn't be my only option. Merlin it has been a while though. And the primal side of me is almost okay with laying down with Snape as long as it gets rid of the urges.

The sounds on the other side of the door grow louder. I shouldn't listen to this. I should walk away and give him his privacy. No. Why should I let him get the satisfaction when I'm stuck with the

hormones. If I have to be horny, like hell I'm going to let him satisfy his needs especially if he's using me to accomplish it.

And it'll be hilarious to catch him in the act.

I nudge the door. He never locks it. It swings open quietly; the sounds continue, showing that he hasn't noticed. His whimpers are much louder without the door to muffle them. A loud buzzing mixes with the pleased sounds. One hand is on the rim of the tub to support himself. The other is snaked down into the water making an obvious pumping motion. He's on his knees. His hips are rocking as a vibrator tirelessly caresses his insides. His shoulders are tense. Eyes clinched tight trying to stay in his made up world. He mumbles words of encouragement to whoever he's pretending the vibrator to be. I try not to remind myself that it's me.

I watch for a moment. Unable to look away. His face is relaxed despite the occasional wince. His cheeks are tinged a healthy pink. His lip is between his teeth with each moan or whimper. His dark wet hair is sticking to the back of his neck and upper back. He looks younger. He's unhealthily thin. More so than previously thought. I can faintly see the outline of ribs. His back is slightly arched. I can see the end of a vibrator. The edge of the bath blocks the rest.

"Please, Siri. It's too much." Both of his hands clinch the rim of the tub. Thin trails of tears are on his cheeks. His hips are rocking faster on their own. His hand spasms as he reaches back. He's gripping the vibrator firmly. "Please, inside. Need to feel it." The red in his face is darkening. "So good. Please hold me tighter. Please." The tears are sliding faster. Both of his arms wrap around himself.

He's crying. His arms are shaking around himself. He looks small and frail as he finishes his one act play. A strangled moan rips from his vocal cords followed by powerful tremors. His body is spasming, and I can smell the musk. Despite the obvious powerful orgasm, he doesn't seem content if the dissatisfied grunt is anything to go by. A whine follows a small popping sound. I sit there. Waiting for him to see me or waiting for my limbs to pull me out of the room. But I don't move. I can't. His eyes are still clinched shut.

"Why do I keep doing this Siri? It's pathetic. I'm too old to be doing this kind of thing." His eyes fall open and notice me watching him. "Oh I wasn't talking to you Sirius, I was talking to someone else. You silly dog. It's naughty to walk in on someone in the bath." I seem to distract him from whatever unhappiness he was dwelling on. His smile is broken. It's not real. "But I guess since you're a dog it doesn't matter if you see me like this." He shrugs out of the bath and quickly wraps a towel around his waist. I have never seen him so void of clothes. I wasn't expecting this.

He looks much thinner with the fluffy pink towel around his narrow waist. All of his ribs are clearly visible. I know this isn't because he does not have the means to eat. Hell at Hogwarts food is provided. And he cooks every night though admittedly he eats very little. Aside from that I've never seen his arms. They are littered with tiny nicks and deep gashes. The dark mark is faded slightly but every inch of the mark is covered with thin lines. His chest has long jagged marks zigzagging. When his back is turned to me I notice several words carved into his skin. *Freak. Mistake. Ugly. Fag.* The only miserable stretch of skin not marred by scars are his hands, feet, and face. He looks uncomfortable when he sees me staring.

"Pretty gruesome right? I normally put potions on to hide them, but the water washes them away. I don't like seeing them either Sirius. It was worse in school though. Can't let other's see this. Too many questions. When I was a student, I had to take baths at odd times so that no one would find out. But then my roommates told everyone that I didn't bathe." He smiles at me. "I don't know if you even understand." He takes great care when he dries his hair and then puts it in a high ponytail.



After he slips on a pair of boxers, he runs fresh water for me and lifts me into the tub. I sit perfectly still. His fingers are gentle when they massage in the shampoo. He bathes me regularly and I've started to enjoy his nails scratching behind my ear.

He hums and it relaxes me. It makes me feel like I have no cares in the world. Like back in school. Only James and the others could give me this high. The freedom. I want to gag when I see those marks marring his otherwise pale skin. Severus would hate me. I never grew up, still plotting to hurt him. He wants to quit his job to be free of me. We never gave him a chance to be anything but Snilvellus. How old are those scars?

He dries me with a light smile. "Now you go on and play. Try not to get dirty again." He scratches my ear while he smiles that same broken smile. There is no happiness in his eyes. He's far away. I let him leave my side. We aren't friends. I let him do as he pleases alone. We hate each other. Shit.

I follow his scent down the hall. The house is fairly big and without my keen scent finding him could be a challenge. The hall is dimly lit, and I realize earlier today it was closed off. I follow his scent. He smells of shampoo and his own strange mix of smells. The smell of ash. The smell of salt. The smell of rain. Mixes of scents combine into something only Severus. A door is left ajar and his scent seeps through the crack. I nudge it open.

A square cage takes up the majority of the room. Every side is made up thick bars and the floor is a solid cold slab of steel. Curled in the corner is one Severus Snape. A curtain of dark hair falls in his pale face. His arms wrap securely around himself. He's not finished getting dressed; he's still in his thin boxers. The cage door is open though the look on his face says otherwise. He's shaking but something tells me it's not from the cold. How fractured is his mind?

"Lily. You would be so proud of your son. He's so much like you it hurts. I was afraid to talk to him. But I needed to do it. And it had to be today." He's looking at me, but I don't think he's noticed that I'm here. "It's getting easier to live without you. I think that bothers me more than it should. I'm growing numb. Albus is dead. Oh but you know that already." His face is calm and neutral. If not for the flowing rivers I might would believe him to be content sitting in his cage.

"Can I die now Lily? Am I done yet. I protected your son. I saw to it that he survived the war. And I gave him your things. It'll be almost like he knew you personally. Did I do good Lily? He's going to know so much about me. Things that only you knew. And then only Albus knew. Lily, it's so cold. I don't want to continue. But you would be mad at me if I didn't continue. And I did take in Sirius. The dog not the person Lily. Don't get confused. The real Sirius could never tolerate my presence. Right. That's a good point Lily." He blinks a little then focusses on me. "Sirius, you shouldn't be in here. Father doesn't like animals. He'll hurt you. Then I'll have nothing." His hands clinch his head and he curls into himself. Fingers pull at his hair as he lets out muffled screams. "Please Papa, I'll be good. I'll be a good boy. I didn't mean to use magic. I won't do it again. I'll be normal. Please. I'm sorry. I'm sorry." Fuck. I want to change back. I want to hold him. Do something. Convince him that he isn't alone. But if I change back he will only trust me less. His body shakes with restrained hiccups.

I go inside the cage. It's even smaller on the inside. I lay next to him and without coaxing him he grabs me and buries his face in my fur. I don't know how long we lay in that cage. But when his tears slow and he pulls away from me something breaks. His eyes are bloodshot and he still looks on the brink of tears. After a while he breaks out in a fit of laughter. This only reminds me how unstable he is.

"You're such a good boy. I'm sorry to worry you." He laughs louder. "I just hate my birthday so much. It's such an awful day. Oh but you're probably starving. Let me get you something to eat."

(2) He says this with a timid smile. Instinctively I growl at the cage before I leave the room. He needs to be protected.

He lays me out partially cooked meat and sits down with a cup of tea.

"Sirius, do you know what Severus means? It means stern. And Snape comes from the Olde English word "snaep" which was a regional word meaning poor land. I never did care for my name, but it would seem that my name fits me. A tad ugly it may be, but it's mine. It's the only birthday gift my father ever gave me. No. He gave me others." He sips his tea quietly while I don't touch the food. His face scrunches up and he adds several more sugars. "I was fascinate by potions since I started using accidental magic. Father did not take kind to his already different son. Mother had to come clean. He beat her. I remember wondering why I had to be different. I didn't mean to." He laughs for a moment.

"I was so desperate. I thought maybe, if I could become normal, my father would love me. I would see other fathers caring for their sons. I knew that it had to be my fault. Because, both of Lily's parents were muggles and they both accepted her. My mother was a witch. She knew that it wasn't unnatural. But father never looked at me the same again. So it had to be me. I spent years trying to make a potion that could take away my magic. I found it when I was fifteen." He sips his tea slowly. "I wonder if I would have been happier as a muggle. But by that point I was no longer living here. You see. Albus allowed me to stay even over summer. He knew about my home life. I just think he didn't want to be accountable for one of his students being beaten and raped." He sets his cup down. "But then. Why would he let me be a spy. No. I was a tool. I just happened to not break as predicted." He cleans his cup lazily and looks to my uneaten food.

"I'll keep it out for you Sirius so you can finish eating. I'm not feeling to good so I'm going to go to sleep for the night. If you go out make sure to lock up, I keep a spare key around back in the flower pot." He scratches my ear and tiredly drags himself to his room. It's not even seven yet. I'm not sure of his sanity, but I do leave the house needing to escape the depressing air. I lock the door behind me just as he asked. After I stretch to grow accustomed to my human body again I go to Harry's house. I have much to discuss with him.

As soon as I enter my god son's home I am slammed against the wall harshly.

"I swear if you hurt him Sirius I will personally hex you." Harry really is just like his mother.

"Did you find out that much bad about him?" Harry nods while backing up.

"I know you intended to prank him, but that's enough. You can't hurt him anymore. You need to leave before you do something to hurt him." The thought of leaving him worries me. He's to unstable to be alone for any length of time. He needs some anchor.

"I need to know what you found out about him." His face is flushed. He shuffles into his office and hands me a pink book. When I open the book the pages are blank. Harry taps the pages three times and words appear. No doubt this is Lily's hand writing. Harry hands me a cup of coffee and leaves the room.

"We'll talk when you finish."

1: Alice in Wonderland. (The one with Johnny Depp) Alan Rickman voices the caterpillar.

2: It's a minor thing, but Severus's birthday is actually in January, and I know that it's incorrect in the story, but I can't bring myself to change it. I just wanted it said that I am aware that his birthday is incorrect in this story.

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Notes

Here is chapter three. I'm sorry that it's taking a while to post them. I'm still unfamiliar with AO3 but eventually I will get use to it I do have the first 14 chapters of this story written (they are all posted at fanfiction.net under the same name feel free to read them there first, but I am slowly moving this story over.) I am also trying to correct errors that I may have missed. I'm only human so... you can expect there to be errors despite my best effort. If you see any error or especially misspellings (I use spell checkers, but some still get past me. I am atrocious at spelling) please point them out to me with the correct spelling and you will only have my gratitude. I will not be offended at any comments that point out errors in my writing and I wish to thank you in advance for helping improve my writing. Onward my ducklings.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Dear Diary,*

*My darling sister Severus told me about this magic school we will go to together. I'm so excited to finally be able to understand this whole magic thing. It feels like a part of me that I don't understand. Severus was sad though. He said that we would likely be put in separate houses that don't like each other. But that's so stupid. He is my best friend.*

*Dear Diary,*

*He was bleeding again. It worries me when the sun goes down because I know he will have to go back to that house. He always looks so sad. This time though he was bleeding in a rather odd place. He was too embarrassed to let me see so I brought him to momma since she's a really good nurse. Apparently though it was a really bad cut because momma took him to the hospital. I wasn't allowed to go. Momma told me that Severus was hurt really bad and that I needed to be a good friend and understand that he may not feel comfortable talking about it. But how else can I help? She said that he may be moving away from his momma and daddy, but I don't really understand why.*

*Dear Diary,*

*Can you keep a secret? Severus told a fib to these police officers so that he wouldn't have to go to live with someone else. He said that he told the fib because he didn't want to stop being friends. He said that it'll be better when we go to that magic school because then his daddy can't hurt him, but Severus said until then we have to fib to my momma and daddy if Severus gets hurt again. I don't know if I can fib. But if I don't then he told me that he would probably have to go away for a really long time. Maybe forever. I don't want to lose my best friend.*

*Dear Diary,*

*It's been a long day. Today is my sister's birthday, I was so happy for him. He turned 8. After lunch we met at our spot, but he didn't look like he was feeling good. He was bleeding in the odd place again. I don't know why he keeps bleeding there. He was really embarrassed about it. He asked if I remembered what my uncle did to me. It made my tummy feel queasy to remember my uncle*

*touching me like that, but I told Severus that I remembered. He told me that his daddy did something like that to him, but more. He told me that his daddy put his penis inside of his anus. Severus always talks proper like that when he's scared. I wanted to hug him, but when I did he started crying. I asked Momma if he could stay the night, I'm really glad she said yes.*

*Dear Diary,*

Severus and I went swimming today. He didn't want to take off his shirt though. When I made him, I saw these long cuts on his wrists. When I asked him what they were he said reminders. I asked him what they reminded him of and he said the number of times he's been violated. I counted eight. I asked momma if he could stay over again. She said that he can come and go as he pleases.

Dear Diary,

We found a baby squirrel. It was alone and hurt. I made Severus take it home to look after it. He was crying the next day when he told me that his daddy hurt it. Severus said that it was his fault. I wasn't angry at Severus. He brought it to bury at our spot. He did not want me to see, but I told him I needed to see. The little thing's neck was at an odd angle and it's fur was spotted red from blood. Severus and I cried.

Dear Diary,

I was really scared today. Severus and I were supposed to meet in our spot, but he didn't show up. He's never late. So I went to his house. Severus has never invited me over even though we've been friends for so long. Mother said that I'm not allowed to go there at all. But I had to check on my sister. He's showed me which house is his before when I begged him, and it was really easy to find. I knew which window was his so I crawled in. Severus has always done that at my house before I thought it'd be fun. When I crawled through the window I saw my sister curled up inside of a cage. There was just one blanket inside. I didn't know what to do. He noticed me and whispered to me that I needed to go away that I shouldn't be there. He looked so scared. I heard footsteps and he told me to hurry and hide. I hid in the closet, it was the only place. I fibbed to Severus. Diary, don't tell him but I could hear everything. I want to tell mother, but Severus made me swear that I wouldn't. He said that if I told he would be sent away and that he needs me. I don't really understand. It just makes me really sad. I asked Severus about the cage, he said it's his room. His dad locks him inside it every night. I asked him to stay the night with me again, but he told me that we are too old now and it isn't appropriate. He looked really sad when he said it.

Dear Diary,

Tomorrow we leave for Hogwarts. I am so excited but also a little scared. Severus said that I have nothing to be afraid of because I will make lots of friends. He looked sad when he said that. I know he's terrified to be alone. But he will always be my sister.

Dear Diary,

I was sorted into Gryffindor and Severus was put into Slytherin. On the way to school we rode a train. Severus and I were riding alone when these boys came in and started being really mean to Severus. They were put in the same house as me. They know more about the magical world than I do. They told me that now that I'm a Gryffindor I cannot associate myself with the 'snakes.' Severus is my best friend. He looked so uncomfortable surrounded by his house. I wish I could have been in the same house as him. He hasn't smiled since the hat said a different house for me.

Dear Diary,

James Potter is the biggest asshole in the entire school. If he asks me out one more time then I will hex his balls off. When I told Severus that he laughed so hard he snorted. It's nearly impossible to make him laugh. But I was happy to see him laugh.

Dear Diary,

What idiot thinks he can harass my sister and then actually believe I would give him the time of day. Stupid James Potter. Severus and I explored the castle and found a hidden room. It seems we have a new spot for when we are at Hogwarts.

Dear Diary,

Severus has a fascination with potions. He always has. Even before we came here. He has top marks in potions class but our pedophile teacher shows favoritism to me. The only reason my grades are even on the same level as my sister's is because he tutors me. He's always so happy when I finally understand the lesson.

Dear Diary,

Severus has a crush on someone. It's adorable. He's reluctant to tell me. He said that I wouldn't approve. When I asked him why he refused to look at me. I pressed him for answers though and he started crying. He said that he was odd enough already he didn't need something else to make him weirder.

Dear Diary,

Potter put my sister in the hospital wing. The mediwitch was really curious about his various scars. She was furious to see the words carved into my sister's back. I think if I wasn't there holding his hand he would have started crying. We had to tell her everything. His father used his mother's knife. The one made from a werewolves' claw. The scars will always be there.

Dear Diary,

Sometimes it's hard being friends with Severus. He is very complex. But he isn't bad. He's just afraid.

Dear Diary,

I am not mad at Severus. He called me a 'mud blood'. But I am not mad. He was angry. And scared. Potter and his idiot friend hung him upside down. He did nothing. But they hung him upside down and began striping him. I tried to stand up for him and he lashed out at me. I was so hurt I actually laughed at him. I called him that horrid nickname. Why did I do that. They laughed at him. He was suspended in the air nearly naked. They laughed at him. All of the things he is insecure about. Thankfully he can conceal most of the injuries, but he couldn't hide the fresh burn on his inner thighs. They called him a freak thinking he did it to himself. But I know the truth. He said his father branded him. That way everyone would know what's been done to him. Why didn't I stand up for him. He ran away after. I found him in our spot crying. I was still hurt, but I forgave him quickly. He wasn't even mad at me.

Dear Diary,

There is this boy that is friends with Potter. This is important. Severus still felt horrible about what he called me so he asked me to come to our spot because he had something he needed to tell me. He was embarrassed. He was reluctant to tell me. He said that he was afraid to tell me because if I didn't accept him he would have nothing. He told me that he is gay. He said he didn't know why he

had to be so messed up but he was in love with one of Potters friends. He said he didn't mean to. He said he was so ashamed that that person saw him in such a way that he lashed out at the only person he knew he could hurt. He felt disgusted with himself. He let me hug him. Severus is so confused as to why he loves someone that humiliates him on a daily basis. It just makes me want to castrate Sirius Black all the more.

Dear Diary,

Sirius almost killed my sister. He told him to go to the shrieking shack on the night of the full moon. Of course Severus went. He knew it wasn't a good idea, but he still went. Turns out we go to school with a werewolf. Severus now has another scar that will never heal. His chest is sliced up bad. But Severus isn't mad. He said he had a feeling that Remus was a werewolf. I asked him why he went then and he told me it was because Sirius asked him. He told me that if Sirius really wanted him to be killed that bad that he would allow one of his friends to potentially be put down, that Severus would keep his end of it. I'm really worried. Severus has been talking about wanting to die for a long time, but he never looked so serious.

I stop reading and close the book. I can't read anymore. I already know so much about him that I shouldn't know. Harry is waiting for me with coffee.

"So what are you going to do?"

"I can't let him know that I've been pretending to be a dog. He's actually been relying on me. I can't just disappear now. But I will not hurt him. School will be starting up in a few weeks. Give me until then. When he's forced to be around me as a human I'm going to try to be friends with him."

"You swear to not hurt him?" I nod.

"After everything, I don't think I could even if I wanted to." I don't stay long. I'm anxious to get back to him. "He was unstable earlier. When I left he was asleep, but I should get back. I'm worried." Harry nods and I quickly make my way to what has become home.

When I finally make it inside I quickly change into my dog form. I go to his room to check on him. He's sleeping restlessly. It's a little after two. I go to the sitting room and thumb through his movies before finding one that looks interesting. I change back with the movie in my mouth. After going back into Severus's room I put my nose against his hand that had fallen off the bed, he startles away. I nudge the movie in his hand.

"Sirius, don't you think it's kind of late for a movie." He looks at the movie. "Oh hell, it's never to late for Sweeney Todd." He seems to be in better spirits. He puts the movie on and we pile on the couch. I'm perfectly comfortable laying my head on his leg. He scratches behind my ear as we watch the characters sing. He sings along with most of them.

"You know what Sirius, I don't even care that the Judge is supposed to be the bad guy. I mean yeah, he did bad crazy things, but he loved the girl. He wanted her to love him back and she didn't so he got a little crazier." (1) He nods agreeing with himself while singing along to 'Pretty Women'. He looks content.

He falls asleep near the end of the movie. His lips are slightly parted. His cheeks tinted a light flush. His hair falls in curtains of night. His hand lies lightly over his chest as if checking for his own heartbeat. His legs are bare since he's wearing his customary nightshirt and boxers. Even his legs are on the thin side. He needs to eat more. He's always been lanky and awkward at times. Since we were students. The majority of the scars are hidden but I know they are there. He's much smaller than me. I change back and move carefully so as not to disturb him. I brush the stray hair

from his face so that I can observe him closer.

His face has little roundness to it and his features are sharp and jagged. His cheeks are sunken in, and his nose is as large and misshapen as I remember. His lips are still thin and chapped but my thumb still brushes against them. His lips are a dusty rose shade. His face is aged and tired. The bags under his eyes stand out even in sleep, but my hand cups his cheek. I give in and brush my lips against his own. He doesn't stir and the motion was quick. I begin to question if I imagined the slight warmth against my lips. But his mouth turns up slightly and he sighs deep and content. I lay against him and let myself shift into my dog form. In his sleep he lazily strokes my fur and it pulls me into sleep.

I wake up to loud off key singing. I know immediately that the voice is Severus's. I follow the voice to what I know to be his office. He has spent little time inside it since he 'adopted' me. When I go inside I notice a white surgical mask covering his mouth and nose. He's still singing loudly but stops upon seeing me.

"I don't care if you come inside and watch Sirius, but we don't want to hurt your little doggy lungs." He takes the mask from his face and fastens it over my muzzle. It's uncomfortable. He rummages around finding a spare mask for himself. "It's probably for the best if I don't damage my own lungs though. At least not this way. If I do off myself I'd rather it not be a long drawn out process." The thought of him dead makes me nauseous.

Long slender delicate fingers slice something. I can't tell what he is cutting, but I can see in his eyes how focused he is. He's talking to me as he prepares the ingredients.

"It is far safer to use toad's tongue once it's been dried out, but using it when it's fresher makes the potion much stronger. As long as you are reasonably skilled the danger of using fresh toad's tongue is minimal. Slice in thin horizontal strip. Make sure the strips are no larger than a centimeter." His words are so text book I question where he's reading from. But he isn't reading. Even in school he was always skilled in potions. We mocked him for it. I remember personally telling him that he was lucky you don't have to be attractive to brew potions in a dungeon for the entirety of his life. It's not even been three years since I told him that.

"Unicorn hair is an important ingredient for this application, but since it is both expensive and difficult to obtain, angel tears can be a plausible substitute. However it takes twice as much for the same affect." He stirs counterclockwise twice. "Once the potion has simmered and changed into a murky blue the wolfsbane must be dissected. Do not do this step beforehand. Once cut the plant will begin to wither and it cannot be added before the potion is murky blue. However if the plant is not cut precisely it's effectiveness will diminish. The potion allots forty-eight seconds before the murky blue turns into a pale yellow. If the wolfsbane is added after the color change the potion is ineffective." While talking his fingers hastily move to perform the actions.

"Because of this time crunch the Wolfsbane potion is difficult to master. It also has a brewing time of six hours." He yawns. "The hardest steps however do not come from the potion itself. The brewer of this potion must sacrifice a small part of his blood. The blood is the key in keeping the beast at bay. The blood must be from someone who has known pain. Only someone who has known deep sorrow can understand the loss of one's humanity. This empathy combined with the wolfsbane provides for the bitter, yet affective formula." He looks at me simply. He pokes his finger with a needle and lets the blood drip into the now pale yellow liquid.

"I invented this potion a year before I graduated Hogwarts. I found out that I was going to school with a werewolf, but he was a friend of.. someone. So I made this potion. It can't cure anything, but I've been told it helps. My only stipulation was that no one were to find out I made it. And



especially not that I invented it. Albus agreed. He praised me." He yawns again. "Remus will be coming over today to get the potion. It's too fragile to owl to him. And I can't bring myself to bring it to him." He pats me before bottling and corking the shimmering liquid. "I think you'll like him. He's alright. We have reached a bit of an understanding over the last few years." We leave the room after to casts a spell to evaporate the toxic fumes. "I have to be very careful with this potion, if I'm not careful then the smoke could kill me." He smiles at me. "And how hilarious would that be for a potion to kill a potions master." He laughs deeply. "It'd only be more ironic if a snake killed me." He's holding his sides laughing harder. His humor is warped but I don't dislike it.

He almost did die from Nangini's venom. He was in the hospital ward for months. He refused all visitors, not that very many went to see him. I know Remus went a few times, and Harry attempted to see him every day. I had heard that his recovery process was painful and though sped up by magic, the recovery still took a while. Two days after being released from the hospital ward he went back to teaching against Poppy's wishes.

"Why are you looking so upset Sirius?" He smiles at me kneeling down to my level. A knock prompts him to stand back up. "That must be Remus." Shit. I had thought I had more time. I go to hide but Severus calls me to him and I can't help but follow that silky voice. He opens the door slowly and steps aside to let Remus come in.

"It has been awhile Severus. We really should get together more often. You know you don't have to use the full moon as an excuse to invite me over." Remus seems healthier than he ever has.

"I prefer my privacy." Remus looks at me and smiles his calm knowing smile.

"Harry had told me that you were pet sitting for a neighbor, but I wasn't expecting a dog. You always struck me as a dog hater." Bless you Harry.

"Regardless of my distaste for all animals, I could not refuse my neighbor." Remus plays along. "You may sit while I retrieve your potion." He sits on the couch in Severus's spot. I can't resist the surge of irritation at our territory being invaded. I've been in my animal form for too long. This is Remus.

"You are lucky Harry informed me of this." I take my spot on the couch. I would love to talk with Remus and explain everything, but Severus returns before I can. He hands my friend a goblet of the same liquid as before. He takes a sip and winces. "Still tastes as horrid as ever."

"The taste cannot be masked. It has to taste bitter or the effectiveness will be lost." Remus nods half rolling his eyes.

"I know you tell me every time."

"Then stop commenting on the taste that can't be changed."

"Harry told me about how he came over not long ago." Severus freezes.

"The brat should learn to keep personal things to himself." Remus gulps another drink down.

"You misunderstand Severus. He did not tell me any details about what the two of you discussed only that the two of you did talk." More gulps until the goblet is empty. He hands it back thoughtfully.

"That alone is of no concern to you." Remus actually laughs.

"I'm glad to see that you are acting normal. Harry was worried. He said that you were acting

strange. That you weren't being sarcastic and snide with him. That you were acting like you care about him." Severus sits down in an armchair and reflexively I go to sit beside him on the floor. Remus just watches.

"Now that Tom Riddle is gone, I don't have to pretend to hate him."

"And you don't have to pretend to hate me and Sirius anymore either." I notice Severus's face lose all color.

"Who said I was pretending to hate the two of you. Maybe that wasn't an act." Severus levitates a cup of tea to Remus while fixing a cup for himself. Between the two of them all of the sugar is used up. More than half when to the potion master's cup.

"Dumbledore told me that you invented the wolfsbane potion, and as far as I know I'm the only werewolf you know. Added to the fact I only started taking it after you found out about me. Which leads me to wonder why. Though I am very thankful you developed it and even more thankful that you continue to brew it for me, you understand why I would be curious as to why you would go through the trouble." Severus doesn't answer. "Now I was only informed recently. When you were in the hospital I went to Albus's portrait and he told me then. So that makes me wonder even more why you would develop the potion and then tell all of the staff and students that I am a werewolf in order to get me fired. You understand it leaves a lot of questions."

"Meddlesome old fart." Severus growls out. "He had no right to tell you." Remus sips his own tea and hums approval.

"That isn't the only thing he told me. Did you know he is the one that prompted Professor McGonagall into hiring Sirius for her replacement? It was all his doing. Apparently Albus believed that you needed prompting in your," Remus laughs for a moment, "romantic affairs." Snape pulls his wand fast pointing it directly at Remus.

"Are you actually insinuating that I might have romantic inclinations towards that arrogant asshole? I would sooner hex myself than willingly hazard the same room as Sirius Black." A small smile crosses Remus's face.

"Severus put your wand down. We both know that you are borderline obsessed with Sirius. I know for a fact that you have lusted after him since you were in school." Severus's face is pulled into a neutral scowl.

"That is a lie."

"You would use his hair to make illegal polyjuice." Cheeks slightly flush pink.

"How did you know about that?"

"Albus told me. He said that for the most part you were doing fairly innocent things." Severus staggers back.

"Did he tell you what exactly I did with the polyjuice?" Remus shakes his head.

"He told me that you didn't do anything majorly improper and that it would be something to personal to share."

"Fuck. I can't believe that bastard knew." Severus has his head in his hands groaning softly. He looks up and points the wand at Remus again. "You will not say anything about this to anyone."

"Severus. Put your wand down. You should try to talk with Sirius. He's different now, and I think the two of you could get along well."

"Nonsense. Sirius has always hated me I will not go to him baring my emotions for him to dissect and put on display for the world to mock." He sits down. "Albus should know to silence his tongue about other peoples love –or lack thereof- lives."

"Come now Severus. You can drop the unpleasant façade. Sirius is different, and at the very least I'm sure he would welcome a friendship with you." Remus thanks him for the tea and goes to leave. He pets me.

"Severus, your pet is really attached to you. You shouldn't deny him."

"How did you know that he's mine?"

"Don't worry about it. Just take care of him." Remus nods to him as he leaves and Severus sighs loudly.

"Sirius, I don't know how to be pleasant." He scratched my neck and I hum in approval. "If I did then maybe I wouldn't have botched things up so much." He shows me the dark mark and then he touches it timidly. "That's why I joined. It felt good to be praised and appreciated. To this day no group has treated me better than the death eaters did. The only person who treated me as a friend was Lily, but with the death eaters I was treated like I was someone of value. Voldemort on more than one occasion embraced me and thanked me. It felt good to be wanted." His fingers press into the mark.

"I knew they were evil. It just didn't matter. It didn't matter until they tried to hurt Lily. It was hell after she died. I wanted to kill myself. I knew Voldemort wasn't dead the first time, and I had to ensure that Lily's son stay safe. I hated leaving him with those muggles. I spent years trying to prove that Sirius-the human not you boy- was innocent so that he could adopt Harry. I had proof to. I agreed to be put under truth serum. To verify that Peter Pettigrew was the one. Dumbledore wouldn't let me that. Bastard told me we had to think long term." He throws the teacup on the ground and it shatters.

"So while Harry is being convinced that there is something wrong with him, Sirius is being tortured all because that bastard of a headmaster needed a spy. He felt bad and I get the logic, but who cares if Voldemort would have tortured and killed me. Dumbledore could have found another spy, and I wouldn't have spilled any secrets for the light. I would have erased my own memories before Voldemort could get to me." I understand. I could have been saved, and Harry could have had a happier childhood if Severus would have come out as a spy. But then he would have been killed.

Severus is shaking slightly. "The second war was so much worse though." He sits on the floor breathing raggedly. His knees are pulled up to his chest. "I was constantly called a traitor by the light. All the while Voldemort is still praising me. Telling me how much he values me. Sure I was tortured when I didn't do something as good as he knew I was able to. But he was right I wasn't doing as much as I was able. And yea more than a few times I was raped, but afterwards the person would hold me and explain why they hurt me. And it all made sense. As long as I was held afterwards." His head is lying on his knees and I know he's crying.

"I hated going to the order of the phoenix meeting. I felt unworthy every time I would open my mouth, but it was war. I couldn't just stay quiet. With the death eaters. They asked me questions. They wanted to hear what I had to say. It didn't matter that I was feeding them lies." I push my head against his leg and he calms down. I lick his wrist where the mark is and he actually smiles.

"Thank you Sirius, I needed that." He pets me and I climb into his lap. He doesn't care that I'm too big. He falls back slightly but he's just telling me that I'm a good boy. I lick his face and he starts laughing loudly. "Ew, gross Sirius." He's still laughing. "Not the face. Silly boy." He's snorting occasionally between laughs and as weird as the entire thing is, I like his laugh. I settle down and lay on top of him.

"School will be starting up soon. We will be leaving in a few days so that we can be settled in. I have to dehumanize myself again otherwise those adolescents will tear me apart. I think you'll like Hogwarts though." He pats me. I'm sure I'll like it to Severus.

## Chapter End Notes

The movie they are watching is Sweeny Todd. Again Snape is the judge (bad guy)... and in case my wonderful ducklings do not know... Snape/Alan Rickman/ the judge sings a duet with Johnny Depp called... ding ding ding Pretty Women. hey... need fan service within the fan service right?

## Chapter 4

### Chapter Notes

I have had complaints in the past about Severus being OOC. I apologize if this isn't your cup of tea, but I have clearly marked that he will be out of character. I too love the snarky badass that Snape is. I love the stories that portray him very much true to character, and sometimes I write stories where he is true to character, but he's such a tough nut to crack unless you make him a bit easy to break. Yes. I'm aware that this isn't the 'real' Severus, but please try to enjoy this story for what it is. In future chapters he's a bit more 'on the nose' as he has to socialize with coworkers and such outside of his home, but is it hard to believe that when it's just him that he lets his walls down. This is all just me thanking out loud of course. Every review I get is precious to me. Yes even the ones that are harsh critiques because I firmly believe all we have is time. And a very limited amount. If you or anyone takes their fleeting time to comment on something that I wrote (even if the comment may seem harsh) I smile because... my story effected them enough for them to comment. Every review I get... every single one is a treasure that I look to fondly. If there is something about my story that you love or even hate. Please tell me. Onward my ducklings.

I did not know that dogs could Floo. Somehow Severus did though. He is very thorough in his packing. His various suitcases were filled with everything from potion ingredients to his.. more personal belonging. Apparently he has many different 'boyfriends'. He looks slightly uncomfortable unpacking them. His cheeks are a slight pink as he puts them in what I'm assuming is their usual home.

"This was one of two stipulations I had when Albus hired me. I told him I would only agree to be his head of Slytherin if this would be my room. It was ours. The only place I've ever felt home. If he's too much to handle. If I can't manage then I'll have to leave my home." His hand is flat against the wall. "Our field is going to be replaced with a parking lot, and I'll have to leave the only safe place Lily and I have left. No. Lily isn't alive anymore." He exhales.

A house elf pops into the room.

"Severus, Sprinkle is seeing that you are back." The elf is much different than the others. I know that all of the teachers have their own personal elf, and little is questioned about the individual's elf, but this one is in clean fresh clothes and addressing the potions master by his first name. I watch as thin twiggy arms wrap around Severus. "Sprinkle was missing you lots that he was." I'm surprised when a very happy toothy grin splits Severus's face.

"Seeing you is always the best thing about coming back."

"Pardon my asking, but if Severus is hating going to his other home why go at all."

"Oh even I need a place where I don't have to pretend to be sane." Both laugh a bit.

"Severus, who is your pooch friend."

"I've been calling him Sirius, but that stays between us."

"Can't have anyone thinking that Severus is liking that new teacher. Sprinkle was checking that Severus doesn't need any help."

"No, I'll be alright unpacking on my own." The elf disappears with a muted pop. He turns to me. "Now don't go telling anyone that I'm nice to my house elf. That was my other request. That Sprinkle be my house elf. He was always nice to me when I was a student. I hated eating in the dining hall and I would often go hungry just so I wouldn't have to sit alone. Sprinkle would always bring me food down here." He pats me. "I'm going to lay down for a nap. There aren't any students right now, so feel free to explore the school, but be careful." He scratches behind my ear and goes into the adjacent room and closes the door. I slide out of the door and go to see my favorite teacher.

I love this building. I love how effortlessly I can maneuver the halls. I remember all of the trick steps and I remember all of the hidden passageways. I shift and my muscles pull and stretch until I am back in my normal body. It feels good to be normal height. The dungeons are cold as they always are. I'm going to have to remember to wear warmer clothes when I visit him down here. That would explain why he wears such thick robes. Hell he lives down here ninety percent of the year.

Standing outside of the headmaster's office I feel a wave of nostalgia. How often did I stand outside these doors waiting for punishment, and now I'm waiting to find what room will be mine. I say the password half believing it won't open up. After all, Albus isn't alive anymore, but the wall shifts and I'm allowed in. I guess Minerva hasn't changed it.

"Sirius, I wasn't expecting you until later. Granted I also wasn't expecting you to arrive with Severus." I greet the old witch and she offers me a seat. The magical portraits of all the headmasters over the years line the back wall. At the end is Dumbledore. He still has that twinkle in his eyes.

"Minerva, that's because, Severus doesn't know that the stray he took in is Sirius. Our boy is in quite the predicament." Dumbledore is laughing slightly. "Of course I am worried what this could do to Severus. He seems to have latched on to you to keep himself stable."

"Albus, he isn't stable. At first I wanted to hurt him, I'll admit. But I don't want that anymore." Minerva pours me a cup of tea.

"What do you suppose he should do Albus? He's in too deep to just come clean."

"I don't think either of you are giving Severus enough credit. I'm not so sure that he doesn't know already. But I'm not so sure he's willing to admit it either. Severus is difficult even on a good day. He came a long way and confided many things in me, but he will always be the type to lick his wounds in private." I sip my tea having actually missed the taste.

"He will not willingly believe anything you tell him. In all likelihood anything you say to force his companionship will likely chase him away, but you equally can't wait for him to come to you." The cat states simply.

"He has not been stable since Lily was killed. It shattered him."

"He told me a lot of things- well he told the dog me. He said he was raped several times." The portrait nods. Minerva looks sick, but not surprised.

"I would have preferred it not happening, and I only knew after the fact. He is a sweet child. Desperate to be accepted, and willing to do anything for it. Yes, there were nights he was raped and then mornings when he taught the children of the same men who violated him. I would tell him to

take the day off, but he said he needed the distraction." Minerva wipes a few tears from her eyes.

"I swore I wouldn't let it happen to him again. I found out when he was a student what his home life was like. I swore to him that as his teacher I wouldn't let it happen again. But it did, and I failed him." The wall opens and Severus walks in. What will it be like to talk to him after all this time?

"Severus my boy, you are looking well, though a bit thin. Don't tell me you went the entire vacation without eating." Severus cuts his dark eyes to me in disgust.

"I lost my appetite when a werewolf informed me you encouraged Minerva into hiring that imbecile. Are competent adults actually that difficult to find or do you just enjoy hiring brainless Gryffindors." His mouth is in a thin scowl and I have to remind myself how he was just hours ago.

"Good evening Severus." His eyebrow rises at me in suspicion.

"Black." So he's not going to completely ignore me.

"Would you mind calling me by my first name? I really don't like being associated with my family." Yes, get him on a first name basis. This will be easy. I've spent the last few weeks with him. I know the things he likes, the things he dislikes.

"Why would I care what you don't like Black?" His arms are crossed tightly. His eyes closed off. I see Dumbledore and Minerva watching closely.

"You're right Severus, I spent a lot of time not caring about your opinions, and I apologize about that."

"Sod off." He turns his attention from me. "Minerva, I only came up here to request that his room be as far away from my dungeons as possible. I would prefer his idiocy to stay isolated." His eyes cut to me again. His dark eyes lock with mine. "Lest there be an epidemic." He turns to leave and his long robes bellow after him. This is the man that I remember

"Well, this will be fun." Dumbledore actually laughs. Minerva shows me to my room, most of my belongings are inside, someone must have sent a house elf. I bathe quickly having missed the feeling of being washed as a man. I'm anxious to go back. If he did know all this time, why would he have let me continue staying with him? Or let me find out such personal things. I watched him jerk off to me. The hot water does little to vanquish that thought from my head. Surely he wouldn't have gone that far if he knew. I try to ignore the discomfort while I remember his flushed face. It was relaxed from pleasure, and his sounds were sweet. I have to go back. I just don't know if it would be better for me to go back to his room as a dog or as a man.

I change into my dog form just before making it to his room. The hidden room lets me in immediately. I'm not inside a minute before Severus tackles me.

"Sirius, you're back. I was worried about you." He's smiling widely. "Such a good boy." He scratches my back and belly. Will I ever be able to get him to smile like that in front of me? Sprinkle brings Severus his dinner and I notice the elf puts an extra plate down for me. The elf's thin fingers scratch into my fur and then he pops away. Severus pushes the food around and glances back and forth before casually pushing the food onto my plate. I'm about to make a fuss when Severus makes several pained noises. A belated popping sound and I notice Sprinkle gripping the potions master ear forcefully.

"Severus eats Severus's food, and mister Sirius eats mister Sirius's food." A fresh plate is put in front of him and he grimaces.

"Sprinkle, I'm really not hungry." I've never seen a house elf glare at it's master until now.

"Sprinkle isn't believing Severus. Severus has gone and done something to upset his appetite. Sprinkle isn't letting Severus up until all of the food is gone." I like Sprinkle.

"I'm not eating." Severus says matter of fact. I watch the back and forth between them. Sprinkle's eyes water slightly.

"Severus isn't likeing Sprinkle's cooking. Sprinkle doesn't do good enough for Severus to eat." Sprinkle is panicking like house elves tend to do. The food has been abandoned while Severus tries to quiet the screaming elf. Sprinkle is hitting his head over and over. "Bad Sprinkle."

"Shh. No. I love your cooking. It's really good. See I'm eating. I'll eat all of it." Severus finally says. Sprinkle stops immediately.

"Sprinkle is glad to be hearing that Severus." After serving Severus for years now it would make sense that the elf knows how to manipulate the difficult potions professor. And that gives me an idea. I finish my own food while Severus reluctantly cleans the entire plate. Sprinkle pats his head approvingly like a parent would.

"I'm going back to sleep." Severus mumbles. He clearly has a headache. He pats me and goes to lay down. Once the door is closed I shift back. Sprinkle looks at me.

"Sprinkle was wondering when you would change."

"You could tell I was an animagus?" The elf nods and then hits me on the head with a spoon.

"Sprinkle did that because you use to make my master cry. Sprinkle doesn't think Severus knows who you are, and I wasn't going to be the one to hurt him after Severus was looking so happy."

"I don't want to hurt him. He can't know that I'm his dog yet. He won't trust me, and I need him to trust me."

"Sprinkle is not stupid." He looks to the room. "Sprinkle cares very much for Severus. Severus is very kind to Sprinkle. Severus has confided in Sprinkle much about Sirius Black. Since master was a student here Severus has been attracted to Sirius Black."

"I would like to get on good terms with him. But there is so much bad between us, I don't even know how to get him to talk to me."

"Pardon Sprinkle's bluntness. The only way Severus will stay in the same room as Sirius Black is either obligation or manipulation. If Sirius Black were to ask Severus who is an experienced teacher for advice then Severus would be obligated to help Sirius for the student's sake."

"He would help me." Sprinkle nods.

"But Sirius Black should not be hasty. Severus is very cautious and easily startled. If Sirius Black makes Severus uncomfortable then Sirius Black may have spoiled his only chance." I nod understanding and I shift back into my dog form while the elf pops away. I make my way into Severus's bed. After all this time it would feel strange sleeping alone.

In his sleep he curls against me. His hands grips my fur softly. Tomorrow I'll give Sprinkle's plan a shot, but for tonight I just want to sleep next to this man.



## Chapter 5

### Chapter Notes

Another chapter for you all, this will be the last one I post for a few days (I just posted the last 4? all at once) The first 14 are written though and at fanfiction.net (under the same title) if you do not want to wait. It is still unfinished, but I plan to remedy it as soon as I can. Sadly until school starts I will not have a lot of time on my hands (I wont have much then as well, but I should have enough to go back to writing) Onward my ducklings.

"Severus, I was wondering..." No that's no good. He'll glare me down before I can even get close to him. "You've been teaching a long time...." That sounds like I'm calling him old. Come on. I've asked out hundreds of girls, I can ask for help making a syllabus. The difference is all of those hundreds of girls have wanted me. Granted Severus wants me to, but he's not going to let that affect his decision. "Severus, help me because if you say no I don't know what I'll do." Buzz. Wrong. No.

I'm pacing my room. It feels empty without a muttering potions master. I'm dressed in thick robes with the intention of going back down to the dungeons. I just need to know what to say to him. "Hey Severus, I was just exploring the dungeons when I realized I don't know how to do my job, mind helping." Worst one yet. I start the long walk down the steps all the while thinking how to ask for his help. As I near the door I see Severus whistling and calling my name over and over. I did sneak out earlier. I try to quiet my steps but Severus has already seen me. He straightens himself; his shoulders are stiff.

"What are you doing here?" His eyes are panicky for a split second before he controls even that emotion.

"I was just exploring like old times, and I heard you call my name." His expression clearly says 'shit'

"Why would I ever call out your name?" Because I'm a sexy son of a bitch. I ignore his question and dive in like Gryffindors are known for.

"I was wondering if you could show me how to make a syllabus." His eyes are on guard.

"You agreed to this job without knowing how to properly do it." Yes. No. Hell.

"I think I know how, but I've never done this type of thing. I don't want the students to suffer because I'm not experienced." He turns around and goes inside. I want to follow him in, but I know he didn't intend for me to follow. Luckily he isn't gone long.

"Here is written steps as well as an example of one I made last year." He goes to leave obviously intending for that to be the end of our verbal exchanges.

"Severus, would you mind going over this with me."

"Are you unable to read? If you have any questions there are a dozen other teachers willing to endure your horrendous company. I am not one of them." Strike one.

"I would feel more comfortable asking you since we went to school together."

"Naturally your own comfort trumps anyone else's." Strike two. "I for one do not have the capacity to indulge in your moronic questions." Strike three. He's done for. Thank of something. Do not let him walk away. Say anything. I love you. Fuck not that.

"Severus, I was an ass. I was cruel to you and I regret it. You did not deserve any of the abuse you got." At the word abuse he stiffens. Shit. Shit. Bloody Fuck. "We were stupid kids."

"Why are you telling me this? Are you so self-centered that you think I care about such trivial moments after all these years?" Call his bluff.

"If you don't care then it shouldn't matter for the two of us to talk as colleagues."

"Your small brain must have misunderstood. I don't care what you or your friends did to me in the past. I don't like you now because you are insufferable." Damn.

"Well I think you're amazing." His eyes widen and I like the break in his mask. This wasn't part of the plan, but might as well wing in. "You sacrificed a lot working as a spy, and I know I didn't make it any easier by calling you a traitor. I spent years making an ass of myself. I used every opportunity to criticize you." I pause for a moment not knowing where I'm going. "But without you I doubt the war could have been won without more lives being ended. Thank you." He still has his scowl on his face, but his eyes are not steel anymore.

"If you need help with the syllabus so bad that you're willing to try to flatter me then you must really be lost after all." He mutters to himself. "I will quickly go over it with you one time. So pay attention." He is reluctant to invite me inside, and only does so because of the lack of light. It feels good to be inside our room.

I do pay attention to every word he says. He explains it thoroughly though he does not repeat anything. He is determined not to touch me and when he points something out he quickly removes his hands back to his side. After he finishes he is clearly looking at me as if to magically make me leave. I don't take the hint.

"Do you enjoy teaching?"

"I do not see how that is any concern of yours."

"It just seems to take up a lot of time, and you've been doing it for so long. I doubt it leaves much time for friends or romantic endeavors."

"If you are that worried about it, you should not have taken the job."

"So it doesn't bother you?" His eyes are back to being hard.

"I have no need for either."

"You probably jack off a lot then." Idiot. Why did I say that. His face is a mix of anger and embarrassment.

"Leave." I should let him cool off. But I doubt he would ever let me back in this room if I leave now.

"Severus, I wasn't trying to tease you."

"Then what are you trying to do Black. Be friends." He scoffs at that word sarcastically.

"Exactly. The war is over. We both managed to survive it. It's time to forgive and forget." Rage. That's all I see.

"Well yes. It's easy to forgive and forget when you have nothing to forgive. I did nothing to merit the torture I was put through at your hands."

"You went out of your way to be disagreeable." I shouldn't fight back. It'll only encourage him. But finally an emotion.

"The only thing I did was socialize with Lily Evans. She was the only friend I had, but because your lead idiot fancied her I was always a target."

"It was because you were a Slytherin."

"It was because I couldn't fight back." His voice is loud and forceful. "I don't remember any of you striping other Slytherins in front of half the school." Rage and hatred hide the insecurities. I know him better now. This is a front. Yes he's angry, but it's a cover.

"That was wrong of us. I'm sorry."

"And you tried to kill me with that flea bitten werewolf."

"I don't believe that. Severus, you had the top marks in our year. I don't believe that you didn't know what Remus is. We figured it out and our IQs together don't add up to yours." He's sobered up slightly.

"I wasn't positive."

"If you even had an idea of it, you would have gone prepared to face a werewolf, but you didn't."

"I don't remember. I was a child."

"Severus, you knew about Remus. But it's still my fault. I sent you there. I wanted to hurt you. I've spent most of my life wanting to hurt you, but I don't anymore. You don't have to believe me. But I would like for the chance to gain your trust."

"I don't know why I should bother believing that toxic lie you're spewing." Impulsiveness has gotten me this far.

"Because we both know you want to believe me. I'm being genuine. I swear." He unconsciously licks his lips and I'm itching to brush mine against his again. Don't be too forceful.

"Give me a reason to believe you." His eyes are focused. I move fast. Against my better judgement my arms reach out and grab him. He's resisting me. He's trying to fight back. But I'm making no efforts to hurt him.

"I'm not trying to hurt you. Relax. You wanted proof." He's hesitant to stop fighting me. He's pulling his face as far from mine as he can to watch me. One of my hands is on the middle of his back and he glances to my arm. While he's distracted I let my other hand find a home in the hair against his neck. His face pulled into a tight untrusting frown.

"What are you doing?" He's glaring at me, but his eyes can't hide his nervousness.

"I told you. I'm giving you proof."

"I hardly see how this can prove anything." My hand moves to place a finger at his lip and I sush him.

"You're spoiling the moment." My hand returns to its home and while he's distracted I push my lips against his. He doesn't respond to which I'm not surprised.

My lips move against his chapped ones and I don't worry with keeping my eyes open. I don't want to push him more, but I can't pull apart before tasting him. I'm careful to keep my movements slow. My leg slides between his and my hand slightly pulls at his dark hair. I can already feel his arousal pressing into me. I don't think he's realized I feel it yet. My tongue sweeps across his lips and I manage to get through the walls. He tastes like mint and sugar. Before I can enjoy more. His teeth snap down hard and then he pushes me away from him.

His breathing is ragged and his face is flushed a dark cherry. His eyes are wide and searching. He's looking for anything to give away that this is a joke. Fuck that hurt!

"You didn't have to bite me. You could have just pulled away. I'm not going to make you kiss me back."

"Get out now."

"Alright, but. It's not a joke. I'm serious... no pun intended." He rolls his eyes clearly not impressed. I like that dark flush coloring his cheeks. It reminds me that there is more to this snarky man. I pause for a moment wondering if he will stop me. It'll make it easier for both of us if he stops me. If he shows an obvious interest in my company. He of course doesn't. "I might ask you for help with other things. I've never been a teacher, and I will need all the help I can get."

"Black, see to it that you ask someone else. I do not enjoy tolerating your presence." I could leave. Let him have the final word. I remember why I enjoy teasing him. It's the only way to break past that mask. Funny that now I'm wanting to break it for a different reason.

"Come now, we both enjoyed the kiss."

"Do not push your agenda on me. I enjoyed no such thing." I laugh for a moment.

"I could feel it you know. I bet it's been a while since someone really kissed you. I was wondering what you taste like, and I was right you're really sweet." His hands press against my chest and my body feels hot. I don't have long to think on that before his hands are removed and I'm left staring at a blank wall. He's a cute bastard.

I wait fifteen minutes before shifting into a dog and entering the room again. With the door closed I go to find my 'master' I faintly hear him in the room. I can smell the arousal. I nudge the door and quietly slip in. His eyes are closed tight while he lays back on his bed. His knees are clamped together as a hand lazily strokes himself. His free hand presses two fingers against his lips. Quieted broken whimpers escape the lips. Defiantly a cute bastard. He doesn't even notice me watch him. He's shallowly thrusting into his hand. His breathing is erratic. Chest rising and falling as he nears completion. I'll let him deny his attraction for me for now, but today sure as hell isn't my last attempt. Severus Snape, you will be mine.

## Chapter 6

### Chapter Notes

Woo finally got WiFi now I can really get to work on writing. Onward my ducklings!!!!

It's quiet here without students. I borrowed the marauders map from Harry. It's strange to hold it again after all this time. Sure enough though it leads me right to where my sour professor is hiding. After three days of waiting outside his chambers he started leaving the dungeons. If I weren't his dog then I wouldn't even know this. If I didn't know any better I'd believe he does hate me.

I'm not surprised to find him under a large tree. When we were students he would always sit under that tree, until James and I striped him in from of most of the school. He would always read under the branches. Normally some dark arts book. Today seems to be no different. I can clearly see the cover of the book as he calmly relaxes into the words. I doubt he would allow himself this pleasure once students arrive.

When I'm a foot away he looks up then goes back to reading.

"Severus, it's strange to see you out of the dungeons. I was just going for a walk."

"Good. Then don't let me slow you down. I'd recommend walking that way." He lazily points towards the lake. "I'm sure if you stay under the water long enough you will develop gills." His words lack the poison though. He must be really absorbed in the book.

"Is it good?" I ask.

"Yes, drowning is very good. Please try it for yourself." His eyes don't even look up.

"I meant the book."

"Yes. I would like to get back to it. As we've already discussed teachers get little free time. I would like to enjoy mine now. Good bye." I sit down. Both of my parents were into dark arts. I've always had a distaste for it because of them, but if I want to be close to him, I need to try to be interested in the things he's interested in.

"So what makes you like the dark arts?" He looks up to me briefly.

"Learning new ways to harm people that invade my personal time and space." He looks back down. I don't take the hint.

"I never really liked it. My parents did. They tried to force it down my throat from a young age. They were pretty evil, so I always associated dark arts with being evil." He doesn't look up. "But if you enjoy it maybe I misjudged it." His eyes glance into mine before looking back down. I move beside him and he stiffens while trying to close the book. I keep it open. "I want to read to."

"Damn it, give me back my book." He looks nervous.

"Look I know I forced myself on you the other day, but I swear I won't do it again unless you want

me to. I'm trying to be nice. I just want to read what it says." His grip on the book isn't strong enough to keep me taking it. His arms are forced at his sides. He's completely given up. I look at the page but it doesn't show the diagrams that dark arts books normally do. I read over a few sentences.

*Kile kissed his boyfriend softly on the forehead.*

*"Don't worry Ivan; we'll get through this together."*

*"It's just too much Kile."*

*"Hush now. I love you. And you love me. Together we can get through anything. Just promise you will tell me next time."*

*"I'm sorry Kile. I was just afraid." Their tongues danced together.*

I close the book and look at the cover again. I pull off the slip and look at the actual cover.

"It looks like a good book. I'll have to borrow it once you finish." His arms cross.

"Go on and make your comments. Or are you waiting till all of the teachers are in one place so that you can casually mention that I read gay romance books." His face is void of emotion.

"I have no intention of trying to humiliate you Severus."

"Anymore that is." Yes. This was the place where James and I hurt him.

"Severus give me a chance."

"Go fuck yourself." He growls back. Leaving me with his book. So I have the option to let him cool down and try again or tackle him to the ground and force him to talk to me.

"Don't you want your book?" I call out.

"I don't know what you're talking about Black, it's not mine. Must be yours. You seem like the type to carry that type of books with you." I chase after him. He's borderline sprinting when he sees me behind him. We manage to make it in the door at the same time just for an owl to land on Severus's arm. "What does that meddling fool want now." I recognize the bird. He belonged to Albus. "One would think death would slow him down." Severus grumbles out. He groans then proceeds to go up the stairs. The owl hands me the slip of paper. Both Severus and I are to go to the headmasters office.

He says the password just as I make it up the final step. Minerva isn't present.

"There you are my boys. Sit. Sit. I would offer you a Lemon square, but unfortunately I don't have a physical body. If you would like some though they are in the first drawer."

"What do you want Albus."

"Just to talk. Oh Sirius, are you borrowing that book from Severus." I look down at the book I'm still holding. "It must be good because Severus has read it three times."

"Get to the point so that I can go. I have things I would like to do today."

"Albus, what did you want to talk to us about?" I ask calmly. Please use tact. Do not say I've been pretending to be a dog. That's the only connection I have to him.

"I only wished to say that I am happy that the two of you are getting along so well."

"I hate him." Severus says bluntly. His eyes are fixed on the portrait. I'd believe him if I didn't hear him call out my name every night. Stubborn guy. But him being so difficult is my own fault.

"Now Severus, we both know that simply isn't true. After all since the two of you went to school together you've made that polyjuice potion." I forgot about that. I wanted to ask Dumbledore about it.

"Have you ever heard of turpentine. It's known for eating away at paint." The painting laughs.

"Come now son relax. Being fond of him is nothing to be ashamed of. He is clearly fond of you as well. Let bygones be bygones. You are still young enough to be able to enjoy your life."

"I have no interest in such an endeavor."

"That's a shame, because as of now. The two of you will be sharing a room." Severus's face is blank.

"No."

"I'm afraid you don't have a choice. You see before the semester starts up we are checking all of the upper rooms and classrooms for stay magical creatures. They are very good at hiding. And there are no available rooms in the dungeons. So that means he has to share with you." Now he's panicking.

"Albus. I can't..." Severus pauses.

"I understand you have been caring for a dog. For the time being your pet will be staying with Hagrid. Naturally you will be able to see him anytime you choose." Severus is trying to think of another excuse. "Surely you are okay with your pet having free reign to run as he pleases. And Hagrid will take good care of him for the time being." Snape nods.

"But for the record, I'm still displeased." Albus smiles as Severus leaves the room.

"Bear in mind, I'm doing this for Severus. He will not give in without a firm shove. Be prepared to go back and forth between Hagrid's though." I nod

"Thank you."

"Severus is like a son to me. He's a bit awkward, but he isn't a bad person. He is however reluctant to anything that can make him vulnerable."

"Albus. About the polyjuice potion." He nods.

"I suppose you are asking what he did with it." He pauses. "It isn't my place to tell you, but you need to know. The most inappropriate thing he did was strip you. I push most of this up to teenage curiosity and hormones. The main thing he would do is a bit more unsettling. And mind you, it wasn't just you. He also made poly juice from his father's hair and a few others. He only said the things he wanted to hear. He would listen to his father's voice apologize, or that he's proud of his son. For you though. He would mostly look in a mirror and use your voice to say that you care about Severus. He was desperate to be told those things." Albus sighs. "You won't hurt him." It's a statement.

"No. I swear."

"Good."



## Chapter 7

### Chapter Notes

Let Severus have happiness. He needs some love. Onward my ducklings.

It's different living in this small home while in my human form. Every morning he goes to Hagrid's to visit me-to which I have to get there and quickly transform before he arrives. The rest of the time he makes it a point to evade me. He's also crankier than usual-likely due to his inability to vent his frustration. After all it's hard to masturbate when you could be heard by said person you are masturbating over.

He spends almost the entire day in his workroom. By the end of it his hair is so oily you could fry bacon with it. Granted he takes quick showers afterword's and then his hair is back to being relatively clean. Even the showers irritate him. I know from living with him he prefers baths, and long ones at that. Most of the time bubble baths, but he'll be hell bent if I were to learn this. Thus the façade. He's taking lengths to be as crude to me as possible. It's frustrating talking to him.

"What kind of potions are you brewing?" His eyes are set.

"Why are you questioning me?"

"I'm not. I'm just curious. I was wondering if you'd like some help, it must get lonely being in there all day alone."

"I prefer solitude." He goes to leave. His shoulders are stiff.

"Severus. I care about you. You can be short with me if that's what you want, but we both know you care about me as well."

"Nonsense."

"Do you not care about me then?"

"Of course I don't."

"I don't believe you. I think you love me."

"Kiss my ass."

"Gladly." His shoulders stiffen. He's turned away from me, but I can see his ears peeking out from his hair. They are red. "Give me a chance."

"Go fuck yourself."

"Actually I see myself more of a top. I'd be doing the fucking." He growls. "But I've never really been with a guy, so you'll have to walk me through the steps. Or if it'll make you be more comfortable, you can be on top. Or we can take turns."

"Not interested."

"Well we wouldn't be having sex to start out. We'd take it slow of course. I wouldn't want to hurt you." He turns around and glares at me.

"Wouldn't want to hurt me. That statement coming from you is illogical."

"I was a stupid kid."

"And a stupid adult. Have you not outgrown your cruel pranks."

"It's not a prank. What can I do to make you believe me?" He smirks. His arms are crossed.

"Suck my dick. Go on lover boy that's what gays in a relationship do right." He's calling my bluff. He's so sure I'll back down. If this were a prank he doesn't think I'll go that far. I stand close to him and slide to my knees. His eyes widen.

"I can't guarantee I'll be any good. I've never done this kind of thing." His eyes flash panic and he steps away from me. I'm still on my knees.

"What are you doing!"

"I thought that was obvious."

"You're not gay. This is either a prank or you're so horny you'd fuck anything. If the latter is the case then go to hogsgmaid or something. There are plenty of women who would love your company for the night." I grab his leg and pull him to his original spot.

"Don't want em." I kiss his clothed leg. "Want you. Only you." When he tries to move I hold him in place. "I'm not gay. I don't get turned on by guys. But when I think about you I want to touch you. I want to make you feel good. It just happens that you're a guy. So if sucking you will make you feel good then I will." My arms are half holding his leg.

"Let me go."

"I'm not going to touch you. You aren't ready for me to and I understand that. No one should be forced into intimate acts." I kiss his leg in the same spot then remove my arms. He doesn't step away at first.

"Thank you." He looks down but when we lock eyes he turns his head to the side. "I still don't fully believe you want a relationship with me, but I'm getting tired of resisting. Might as well get it over with. The sooner we start this the sooner you'll lose interest and move on." He yawns and walks away.

"Wait. Did you just agree to be my boyfriend?" He looks over his shoulder.

"Yea, but I'm not about to let you fuck me. Prank or not, I'm not easy."

"Awsome. So can I come watch you brew potions?" He hums for a moment.

"Is that the kind of thing boyfriends do?" I shrug. "If you'd like you can. But you have to wear a mask." I follow him into the tiny room. I sit on top of his immaculate desk. He scowls at me but doesn't comment. He hands me a mask and I put in on as he's putting his on.

"Do you have to wear this a lot?"

"Not as much during the school year. As a head of house I have less free time than other teachers. At any moment a student may need assistance but harmful potions such as what I am brewing now

cannot just be left unattended. The students take precedence." I laugh for a moment.

"I can't picture students bothering you at all hours asking for help."

"Not all students. Just the Slytherin ones. I will admit that I show favoritism to my Slytherins. Just like Minnie did to her Gryffindors and the other head of houses to theirs. I will also admit that of the four head of houses I am the most biased towards my students." He's focused on his movements, but he isn't ignoring me.

"It was always hard for me to see Slytherins for anything other than evil." I don't mean to say that. He looks at me harshly for a moment then sighs while stirring the potion.

"You were abused by your parents. I knew that before you told me. Most of the school may have been unaware, but every Slytherin knew. Most knew about the house of Black. Since I was raised muggle I didn't until I overheard other Slytherins. Your family is known for their love of the dark arts, and their tendencies for wicked deeds." He stops stirring and turns to cut some strange root. "You are far from the only person born into that type of home. Most of my Slytherins have similar backgrounds as you or I."

"I don't understand what you are getting at."

"You were placed in a different house because you did not want to be like your parents. I begged to be in Slytherin. I was originally going to be a raven claw."

"Why?"

"They were friends. In the beginning. All of the founders. Especially Salazar Slytherin and Godric Gryffindor. They were friends. It is predicted that Salazar might have even been romantically interested in Godric. He- along with Tom Riddle- is the reason Slytherins are credited as being evil." He stirs the potion slowly. "But my mother was a Slytherin. And she wasn't evil. She didn't love me as decent mothers do. And I can't blame her for that. She abandoned the magical world because she fell in love with a muggle. My father. Father was kind until I started levitating and transfiguring objects. Mother had hoped I would have been born without magic. But I wasn't. Lucky me. She wasn't a good mother, but she wasn't evil."

He pauses and he looks far away. I wonder if he remembers I'm here. His hair is starting to gain it's greasy sheen. But I can't bring myself to see him as I use to.

"You wanted to follow after your mom." He looks at me.

"No. I just didn't want my dorms to be in a tower. I have a bit of a fear of heights. The only houses with dormitories on ground level are Slytherin and Hufflepuff. And I didn't fancy myself a Hufflepuff. Salazar could you picture me wearing yellow. Terrifying." He laughs for a moment. "And my mother told me with a dose of contempt that I would feel right at home in the dank cold dungeons. She was right. These dungeons are my home. I'm quite comfortable here."

"I'm having a hard time understanding your train of thought."

"I don't have much practice in idle conversation. Lily was the only one that I could comfortably talk to. She was almost put into Slytherin. I argued with the sorting hat over that. I knew that she would want to be in whichever house I was put in. But Lily is too bright. I was proud that she was placed in Gryffindor. Every day she made more friends and every day she smiled more." He shakes his head. I want to tell him that he's getting off topic. But he's never talked to me like this. Not the human me.

He stops stirring the potion and leans against the wall. His eyes are closed. I can't see his mouth but I predict it's in a smile.

"They are all children. Your name is called and you walk to the front. Some timidly and some waltz up. You sit in the chair and the hat is placed on your head. For a moment you are unaligned. Everyone is eager. Wondering if you will be their next house mate. That one moment. A name is said. Cheers. Unless you're Slytherin." I open my mouth to say his name but he continues.

"Slytherin. You are now marked as evil. Cold stares. A moment ago you were accepted by all. Now you are evil. I've seen countless of my students cry the first night. They are herded to the dungeons. The only ones that comfort them are other Slytherins. The other three houses -though also rivals- have an acceptance between them. If you are a Slytherin though you are not accepted." He opens his eyes.

"My students may be misguided. Desperate to be accepted by their peers and their parents, but they are not evil. They are children. The other head of houses can coddle their students if they must, but mine would bite the head of any condescending teacher that tries to understand them. I do not have to try. I may have failed along the way, but I have saved countless of my students from the fate I fell into. They become capable witches and wizards and though no one else may see their merit. I do."

"Severus."

"You said that you can only see Slytherins as evil. I have no desire to change your opinion because I will always see Gryffindors as arrogant bullies that have had happiness handed to them. Even at your worst. You still had those that cared about you and loved you. I've fought my whole life and I will likely die fighting." He coughs roughly for a moment unable to catch his breath. He bottles the potion quietly and then leaves the room. Shell shocked I leave the room slowly. The door into the dungeons is open wide. His mask lay on the table. I take mine off and set it next to his. Mine is much thicker. The inside of his has red brown smudges. I know it's blood.

I race to the medical wing going through the secret passages that I remember. When I get there Madam Pomfrey tries to shoo me out.

"Dear if it's not life threatening please come back later. I have a difficult patient right now."

"Is it Severus? Is he okay?"

She pauses for a moment. "Yes. And he is always reluctant to come here. Any reason for him to leave he will take, if anyone comes in while he is here he will leave."

"I won't let him." She sighs in defeat.

"Fine. Do you know what happened. There has to be a reason he starting coughing up blood."

"I think it's the potion he was brewing. The mask he was wearing was very thin." She nods. I walk behind her into a closed off room. Severus doesn't look up. He's breathing deeply into a strange machine.

"Don't want him here." He wheezes.

"And he doesn't want to leave so just bare it." She goes to unbutton his shirt and he hisses at her. She is neither alarmed nor afraid. "You have the potion on right." His eyes shift to me before looking down. He nods quietly. "Then nothing to worry about." She returns to her task. He would fight her but his hands are holding something to his mouth and nose.

I go to sit beside him and he tenses obviously. His shirt is removed and I remind myself to not look. Now is not the time to stare at his awkward beauty. Sure enough I can't see the scars. But I know they are there. He lets me place my hand in the middle of his back.

"Is he going to be okay?" Her fingers are pushing at strange locations on his chest.

"Oh yes. No major damage to his lungs. I am more worried at your weight, or lack thereof. I trust Sprinkle is making you eat now that you are back. These breaks from Hogwarts are doing little good for your health. You always lose a tremendous amount of weight."

"Haven't died yet. No desire to eat." She turns to me.

"Ensure that he eats at least once a day. I'd prefer three times, but I'm a realist." She cast her eyes back at him. "Do not leave until he is done eating he will use his wand to vanish food. I had hoped I would not have to enlist someone to watch you." He doesn't respond.

"I will make sure my boyfriend takes care of himself." He glares at me and she looks questioningly. I stare back at him. "What. We can't keep it a secret." He removes the mask from his nose and mouth.

"I had rather people not know how low your standards are." He leaves the room.

"You are either incredible lucky or unlucky and I don't know which." She states.

"I don't know. He hasn't hexed me yet. And a man that prone to anger has got to be pretty passionate in a relationship." She snorts out a laugh.

"Good luck with that." I smirk back at her.

"Thank you. For taking care of him." Her eyes lose their color.

"Even when he was a death eater before he turned spy- if he came to me I would never turn him away. He needs all the support he can get. Wherever he can get it." I leave quietly returning to our room.

The door is locked so I spell it open. I hear the shower running. It's only going for a moment longer when it's abruptly turned off. I watch the door waiting for it to open. But it doesn't. Even after several minutes the door still stays closed.

"Severus are you okay in there." No response. I go to stand up. The door has several spells up. He made it clear when I first moved in that when he is showering I am not to disturb him. He always brings in several layers of clothes and a potion. The one to cover the scars.

He's been careful over the last few days to always cover them before he comes out. And he doesn't wear his normal sleep clothes until he is locked in his room where I cannot see. I place my hand firmly against the door and I receive a short jolt of pain. He still isn't answering. I'm worried. Maybe he shouldn't have left the hospital wing.

"Severus. Are you okay." My hand touches the knob and the pain hurts the harder I hold it. The locking charm is strong. Just when I'm about to explode the door I hear a small voice.

"Why will you not leave me alone. When will the prank end. You've told someone and had your laugh. Is it over now. Can I continue with my life." I can't stop the irritation.

"It's not a prank. I will not hide my relationship with you."

"It is not a real relationship."

"And why is that."

"Because what we have is hardly real. It's entirely one sided. Did the old man put you up to this. Or was it your godson."

"You put me up to this. I care about you."

"Since when exactly. Before you returned the other day, you hated me." I can't answer that. He's right. I didn't like him until he started caring for me.

"I can't answer that."

"I bet you learned all sorts of interesting tidbits about me. When will you spread those."

"What are you talking about?"

"I saw you transform. This morning on my way to visit you. I wanted to confront you then, but I'm sure you were eager for your plan to come into full fruition. It was a decent prank. But when did you think of it. Was it before I adopted you or after. After you learned that I wanted you or was it after you learned that my father use to rape me. How often did you comfort me just for more dirt. Have you told everyone that I'm crazy."

"You aren't crazy. A little lonely maybe, but not crazy. I was going to tell you, but I was worried that once you knew you would be reluctant to talk to me. Yes, in the beginning I wanted to hurt you, but that is far from my mind now. I care about you. I want to be your boyfriend or your lover or whatever you will let me be. I didn't tell her because I wanted to tease you. I wanted to brag that I was lucky enough for you to give me a chance."

"They all knew. Everyone one of them. Laughing behind my back. I thought it was different now."

"Severus, please come out. Just to talk."

"I do not want to talk to anyone. You've had your fun. Spread it like fire. The ugly bat of the dungeons spends his free time bouncing between self-loathing and insanity."

"Severus, please." A slight popping sound.

"Severus, Sprinkle is wanting you to come out now. Lots of food for you to be eating."

"I'll eat later."

"No No. Sprinkle is insisting that Severus eat now. If Severus is not eating now then Severus will likely not eat. Come out now." Shockingly the door opens. He's still wearing thick bulky robes and he will not look in my direction. He sits at the table quietly and moves the food around on his plate. Sprinkle looks at me. "Sirius too must sit down. Nice dinner Sprinkle has prepared." The elf smiles at us and then vanishes giving me a don't screw up wink.

"I'm sorry." No response. "I know you may still not believe me, but I'm not lying to you. I care about you. I couldn't see you clearly because of all the previous hostility." He glares at me.

"Mostly my own hostility. I didn't expect to see you as a person. I know this isn't helping my cause, but I won't lie to you anymore. I wanted to hurt you. I always saw you as indestructible I never thought I caused any lasting damage. I was wrong. But I know you love me, and I believe that I love you."

"Alright." He takes a few bites. Then goes to leave. I stop him.

"I know you are angry at me, but you can't leave until you eat more. Doctor's orders." He glares at me.

"I've taken orders all my life. Both she and you can go to hell. I'm going to bed." I can't stop him. I knew this wouldn't be easy.

I don't have much interest in eating. I stand outside his door. I know it's locked for a reason, but I open it anyways. He's snoring lightly. An empty bottle of dreamless sleep on the bedside table. He's lying on top of the covers shivering lightly. His pale legs tucked under himself. Only wearing his nightshirt and boxers. He will be angry in the morning, but he'll be angry regardless. I take off my pants and shirt to get more comfortable then climb in bed. I debate shifting but don't. The dungeons have a harsh chill to them and unconsciously he seeks me out.

I fold the cover over him careful to not wake him. Even through the material I can feel his back against my chest. My arm drapes over him and he hums contently. I let my lips brush his needing some intimate act. I press a light kiss into the back of his head and then brace myself against the cold. It's more comfortable then in my own bed alone. And unconsciously he agrees if the happy sigh is anything to go by.

## Chapter 8

### Chapter Notes

Oh Severus why you no ever in character in my stories. Ah well. Onward my ducklings.

He wakes up before me. And he is angry. But the air is much lighter than it was last night. When he pulls away I wrap him back up and fold my arms around him again. I let my head lay against his chest and though the blanket and his shirt are blocking direct contact I can still hear his heart pounding.

"Where are your clothes." He croaks out.

"I took them off. But I still got underwear on." He's shoulders are stiff. And from our close proximity I can tell so are other parts of his anatomy. But I don't bring it up. Baby steps. "You were cold so I wrapped you in the blanket. I didn't do anything pervy to you." He snorts.

"As if you would." I lightly kiss his jaw line and he stops talking.

"I would if you would let me, but I'm not going to force you into it. I'm sure you'd be a really passionate lover once you're comfortable." He doesn't stop me when I lightly kiss his forehead.

"When is the punch line?"

"Are you still on that?" I sigh. "Alright. Enough. You're the best potions master of our lifetime." He looks down nervously. I point at his barely concealed erection. "Take care of that and then get the truth serum. I'll be waiting in the sitting room." I don't wait for his response.

Sprinkle brings out two cups of tea and an ass load of sugar for Severus. I sip my own tea thoughtfully. When Severus comes out he is dressed in his oppressive robes.

"Do you have it?" He nods looking at his hands. "Give it here then." He's torn. I can tell he wants this. To know for a fact, but the morals of it are sketchy. "Severus. Give it to me. I want to do this." He sits at the table and sips his tea after adding a generous amount of sugar. Good he needs all the calories he can get.

"I am unsure if I should. If you are being honest and desire a relationship with me then it should be founded on mutual trust, having you take this violates that, but maybe you realize I would feel that way and thus am falsely encouraging me to give you the potion."

"Severus, I violated your privacy. I found out things you would have never told me, or at least not so easily. It is fair. I'm going to take the potion and I want you to ask me anything you want to know. I will not be angry afterwards. But. I don't want to have to do this again either. Ask me all of your questions." He nods and hands me the potion.

"It'll last for an hour, but the potion is slightly diluted you will not be forced to answer anything." He's not making eye contact. I know he's ashamed to want me to do this. But I understand. I drink the contents. The time ticks by. It's been close to ten minutes and he's not said anything yet. But I won't prompt him either.



He finishes his cup.

"I'm afraid to ask you anything. If it's not an answer I like, even though I suspect it I do not know how I will take it." His hands are shaky as they pour himself a second cup as well as topping mine off. "Is this just a prank?"

"No Severus." His eyes are looking at the floor as his arms wrap around himself.

"You don't hate me."

"I don't think I ever hated you. I never really knew you that well. Thinking clearly now, it makes sense that I would come to care for you."

"Did Harry put you up to this?"

"No."

"Did Remus put you up to this?"

"No."

"Did Albus put you up to this?"

"No. No one put me up to this."

"But they all knew."

"Yes. They knew that I was staying with you. And every one of them threatened me not to hurt you. But I had already decided by that point that I didn't want you in pain." He's biting his lip. I stand up and walk over to him. Kneeling in front of him I kiss his cheek. "Go on, ask something else." He's trying to look anywhere but at my eyes.

"You know what my father did." It's a statement.

"And I know what the other death eaters did to you."

"You aren't disgusted." I take his hand in my own.

"I am. But not at you. It angers me to think of anyone being afraid of sex. Or being hurt by sex. I'm furious that you were hurt in that way, but I do not think poorly of you because of it."

"You wouldn't..." He doesn't finish, and though it's not a question and I'm not forced to answer I answer the unspoken question.

"I would never do anything sexually with you against your wishes."

"But you would want to. One day. Do intimate things." His cheeks are red and I know his heart is pounding. My fingers lace with his.

"I can't get the picture of you masturbating to me out of my head. I wanted to join in at that very moment. I want to give you pleasure." His eyes are close.

"You think I'm difficult."

"Yes."

"Do you want to give up? There would be other people of either gender more attractive than me that would happily jump at a relationship with you."

"I told you that I don't want them. I want you. I knew this would be difficult, but it's rightfully so."

"You wouldn't be ashamed to be in a relationship with me." I lay my head in his lap for a moment and I'm happy when he lets me. His free hand lazily pets me and it feels wonderful.

"I want to tell everyone that you're mine. As soon as you let yourself be mine." His fingers stall.

"Does that mean, you would be mine?"

"Only yours."

"In school you slept with a different girl every day. It wouldn't be any different. You'll get board of me after a while."

"I didn't know most of the girls names. I was never serious about any of them. But you've always had a name. I may have never called you by it, but I knew it. I didn't care about the girls half as much as getting your attention. I didn't care if you hated me or not just as long as you remembered me." I'm yawning slightly. "The potion is making me sleepy."

"It's a side effect."

"I don't want anyone else. I like your bite. And I like how you melt into a human when you're comfortable. I like your eyes. Wide and curious and untrusting and then happy. I know you're a softy somewhere under all those scars and callouses." He flinches slightly.

"You saw the scars. I knew that, but I guess I wanted to forget. Do they bother you?"

"Yea. A lot of them are because of me, and the ones that aren't still make me sad. I hate picturing you scared and small and alone and hurting. But they are part of you so you shouldn't be ashamed of them and I'm not disgusted by them." He pets me softly. "It bothers me when you don't eat. You may not care about your health, but I do." His hand is pulled away and I'm gently pushed from his lap. His back is facing me.

"Sirius, do you love me?" His ears are slightly red. I can practically hear a patch of his armor clanking on the ground.

"Yes."

"Do you love me?" His voice is a whisper

"Yes." His arms are tightly around himself.

"Do you love me?" His voice is timid

"Yes." His shoulders are shaking.

"Do you love me?" He asks again.

"Yes." He stops talking. I stand up and wrap my arms around him. "Ask me again Severus."

"Do you love me?" My lips press against his jaw line.

"Yes."

"Do you love me?"

"Yes." My teeth nibble on his ear lobe.

"Do you love me?" His breathing is ragged.

"Yes." He lets me unbutton the top few buttons.

"Do you love me?" I suck lightly on the pale neck.

"Yes." My teeth graze the reddening mark.

"Sirius."

"I love you Severus." He abruptly stands from his chair and rushes to the bathroom slamming and locking the door behind him. I stand outside the door. "Severus, what's wrong?"

"Can't look at you."

"I'm sorry. Did I do something to make you uncomfortable?"

"I can't look at you."

"Severus. Come out. We'll take this a step at a time." To my shock he opens the door, albeit reluctantly. His entire face is red and his eyes are stubborn. That does nothing to hide the still flowing rivers. I don't comment. "Come sit back down." When he does so I take a napkin and blot at his eyes. He lets me. When I'm done I place a short kiss to his lips which only spurs more tears. "I love you Severus." He tries to dart back to the bathroom when I stop him. "You can still ask more questions." I kiss his cheek.

"Do you love me?" He asks flushed.

"Yes." I kiss him. "We've established that."

"Haven't heard it a lot."

"I'll tell you every night. And every morning. And every day. Every time I kiss you. And any time we make love. I'll tell you when you frustrate me or when you make me happy. Would that be enough?" He nods slowly. His arms are back around himself. He's embarrassed.

"What kind of lover are you exactly." His eyes are again on the floor.

"One that would not hurt his partner." I grab his hand. "I've been with a lot of women. And those women ranged from innocent virgins to animals- not in the literal definition. If you like something or if you don't just let me know. I've never been with a man, but I'll do whatever you want me to. Just let me know." I lick the dark hickey on his pale skin. The mark makes me aroused in a territorial type of way.

"What are you doing."

"I know you'll hide it behind high collars, but I marked you. So everyone can know you're taken." I shouldn't have said that. Most people don't exactly like to be spoken of as if they are property. It's hard to restrain it though. Padfoot tells me to mark him and I can't disobey. His hands tightly grip my shirt.

"Can I?" I don't try to hide the smirk.

"You don't even have to ask." I can feel his chapped lips press into the juncture between my shoulder and neck. I can hear his heart race. Teeth bite down and he lightly sucks. The action is a little clumsy but still arousing. My fingers curl into the thick dark locks while my head slightly tilts so he can do as he pleases. I watch his hips softly rock needing something but reluctant to ask for it. When he pulls away he returns to sitting properly with his legs tightly together. The robes conceal an erection I know he has. "I love you Severus." Though his face still blushes he nods quietly. "Will you say it too." I smile at him. We lock eyes for a moment.

"I love you Sirius." Sprinkle pops into the room with breakfast.

"Sprinkle is glad both of Sprinkles masters are in good spirits. Sprinkle has brought lots of yummy food for nice masters."

"Thank you Sprinkle."

"You is welcome Severus. Sprinkle would like for both Severus and Sirius to eat." Though it is slow, Severus eats his food.

"I'm pretty warped." He states between bites. "There's no chance of me ever being sane again." I sigh for a moment.

"Severus we survived a war. We've both seen shit that no one should have to be forced to see." He nods. "The order never really asked, and you never really volunteered information outside of what the order could use. I don't know if I want to know what the Death Eater Meetings were like." His eating halts and I question if I should staple my mouth shut.

"It isn't pleasant conversation. I've seen people disemboweled. Fractured voices scream for mercy. Some of the death eaters were very kind. Not all were like Bellatrix Lastrange. Many were wives or husbands. And of course a lot were children. I've watched my children- my Slytherins fall into the same trap I fell into. But I could not save them. Not all of them. Watched to closely. So many just wanted to belong."

"Severus."

"I understood early on it's a numbers game. As long as our side had more numbers any one death didn't matter. I stopped caring who died after the night with Lily."

"Severus, she's why you because a spy right." He laughs.

"No. But it's a convenient lie."

"I just want to understand better." The food is vanished and he begins drinking a third cup. Sugar is nearly overflowing.

"Do you remember how when we were students I knew more curses and hexes than most of our class."

"Yea. I didn't know most of them and my family shoved that shit down my throat."

"I learned most of them from my mother. First hand actually. Father would beat her at times and sometimes he would leave for days on end. As cruel a man as he is, mother loved him. When he couldn't bare the sight of me any longer he would leave. This hurt mother the most. To pass the time she would retrieve her wand that she normally kept hidden and away and then she would test curses on me." His face is blank. "The cruciatus curse included. In fact it was one of her favorites." He giggles for a moment. "Voldemort use to enjoy using that curse on me because he said that I

acted different than the other."

"Severus." His name does not bring him back.

"It's almost enjoyable. After hours of your skin pulsing and blood heating to a boil then freezing-after a while everything goes numb. You can close your eyes and inside you know you are a hair away from death. I would upset him just to be put under Cruciatus. It reminded me of being a child." I grab his hand because it's the only connection I have to him right now. "I was well on my way to becoming a death eater before I even started Hogwarts. I was awkward with a strange aptitude towards dark arts and potions. I joined at the end of my fifth year after I thought I lost my friendship with Lily. I realized that without her I am completely alone."

"You joined because we provoked you."

"I joined because I wanted someone to tell me I wasn't worthless. Your group was far from the only ones that bullied me. I was constantly forbidden access into my room because I'm a leper that poisons the air. If I entered the great hall and sat down to eat whoever was around would stand up and move to a different location. Not that I ate too much. The moment I took the dark mark people would talk to me. I didn't believe the lies that we were told. I knew his cause was evil, but when those that are the good guys torture you and the bad guys are the ones embracing you the line becomes gray." His hand pulls from mine.

"Sirius I never resented you. I defected after I heard you yell at your brother over joining." His hands are clamped together. "You were angry. Told him he's too intelligent to do something so stupid. That he was a sheep following the path that was easier. And I know you weren't talking to me. And I know it wasn't my place to eavesdrop, but you were right. I joined because I was afraid of not joining. They had tried to recruit me earlier and at first I refused. This was my second year. Once I refused the head boy would not even let me into the dormitories. I've slept in this room ever since."

He's afraid but I don't know what of. I walk to him and wrap my arms around him.

"I always knew you were smart." I kiss his cheek more because I don't know what else to do. "It's all over now. We can step to the future. The war is over and the scars are healing."

"I never forgave myself for joining. It was a moment of weakness and desperation." His arms are firmly at his sides.

"I love you Severus."

"I know it's not a prank, but it's still hard to believe you. No one's ever loved me. Not romantically."

"I do."

"Yeah?" I press my lips into his being mindful to not seem overly eager. I smirk at him.

"Wonna snog." He pulls back a bit.

"Aren't we a bit on the old side to be snogging."

"Well I might be a bit out of practice but I'm sure I could light your fire."

"I've never been in practice and I'm sure you could." He admits awkwardly. "But I'm emotionally exhausted." I'll admit I'm put out but I pull away. He's been put through a lot today.

"Oh alright. Then what will we do." He looks down awkwardly.

"I don't suppose you play chess."

"Strip chess?"

"Regular chess. You've seen me naked enough times to last the rest of your life."

"But you haven't seen me naked." I raise my eyebrows suggestively.

"Not since we were students at least. I'm ashamed to admit that I might have been.. curious." I smirk at him. I already knew about this. I know he used the poly juice.

"I'm sure that helps with your vivid daydreams." His face is bright. "But you know my body has changed quite a bit since I was seventeen. You might be put out."

"Let's not even play this game." He says taking out a chess board. "You do not look like a pasty skeleton. I won't even bring up the scars." He sets up the board while rolling a black queen between his fingers. The queen has thin lines from where it was broken and then glued back together.

"It's a muggle board." He nods

"The wizard one I have likes to argue with me. And I'm a bit partial to this one. Lily gave it to me for my thirteenth birthday. I never won a game against her." He smiles at the cracks. "Lily was always black. The one and only time I took her queen she threw it against the wall." He's laughing. "She was going to fix it with magic, but I like it better this way. It reminds me that she's not as gentle as people remember her to be."

I move my first piece. In five moves he checkmates me and the game is over. I smirk at him when the game is over and he goes to reset the pieces. All the while I remove my top layer.

"What are you doing?"

"You never said I couldn't strip if I lost." His eyes are cautious. "Did I mention I'm a terrible chess player?" He laughs.

"No. You didn't." I like his laugh. It's warm and content. I want to hear it more often.

"Sure you don't want to snog?" His finger hesitates on the queen.

"As long as it stops with snogging." I take his hand and kiss each finger.

"If that's what you want." I pull him to the couch and pull him on top of me. His eyes instantly second guess. "You've laid on me several times. Just relax. We're in no rush." He nods understanding and for once he kisses me first. It's slow and unsure but his lips taste sweet and the slight tenseness in his shoulders reminds me that I love this man.

I let my hand rest comfortably on his hip. His eyes are clinched shut and he melts into me. He's needed this for a long time. He lets me take the lead. Letting me deepen the kiss as much or as little as I see fit. His hands find my shirt and doesn't let go. I can feel his erection press against my thigh but I know better than to tell him. He doesn't need reason to act more self-conscious. Instead my thumb rubs circles into his hip. Softly he grinds against me and I let him. I let him do whatever he wants. His teeth are scraping my jugular between half-hearted sucks. He's everywhere.

He changes his mind repeatedly as to what he wants to do. One moment he's content with short kisses the next his hands are feeling my chest through my shirt. I know he's pent up but I didn't expect his actions to be so fevered. When he connects our lips again I'm expecting the immediate pull away as usual but instead his tongue ventures into my mouth. It slides and dances with my own. He's starved for affection and he's drinking up every shift of my tongue against his. I taste the sugar. Muted whispers are screamed into my mouth encouraging my body to rock against his. Our clothed erections barely pressing together when he moans loudly into my mouth. The sound startles him and he jumps back.

"I'm sorry." He says immediately. I pull him back down. I lay his head on my chest while I catch my breath. I notice him try to close his legs tight while mumbling a cleaning spell to remove his lust. Baby steps.

"This won't be the last time." I comb my fingers through his hair. "I love you Severus. I'm still tired let's take a nap." He nods with his eyes already closed. I summon a blanket to lay over us. He's asleep before I can kiss him good night.

## Chapter 9

### Chapter Notes

This is my favorite chapter because I spent literal hours looking up pickup lines... and figure out who would be the best to say them. I hope this chapter is to your liking. Onward my ducklings.

I am in the process of playing hide and seek with Severus. The castle is quiet. Last night Madam Pomfrey informed me that Severus needs to go to the medical wing. She didn't tell me why just that he wouldn't come unless he was forced there. She said she meant to take care of his medical needs when he came in last time, but since he left so abruptly she was unable to. So I've been tasked with hauling him in.

Early this morning I made the mistake of telling him that she needed to see him. His cup of tea was slammed down as he threw on his shoes. I was sure he was on his way to the medical wing when he turned to me.

"No way in hell will I go there." And then he ran. I have never seen him move so fast in my life. I couldn't even stand up before he was out of eye sight. I've been looking for him ever since. That was nearly eight hours ago. Every time I get a glimpse of him he sees me and runs off. I tried to enlist Sprinkle in my cause but he was reluctant. Instead he gave me a list of places that I should try looking. Places he has been known to hide in before.

"I see that he's gone missing again." Madam Pomfrey says coming up behind me. "That man. Even when he was a student he was always reluctant to come see me for medical attention. If I didn't know him so well I'd say that's why he's so cold to me. Because I'm a mediwitch. But he's cold to everyone."

"He didn't even ask what it was about he just ran." She nods. "I know it's confidential, but is he okay. I'm trying to find him but if it's something that can be skipped."

"It isn't I'm afraid. It's a wonder that he survived the war. At the end of it he was injured very badly. He resisted every form of therapy we offered him. Physical therapy, Voice therapy- he had difficulties talking due to the bite on his neck, and of course psychological therapy. He's fractured. Has been for a while. I'd say his whole life, but Lily kept him stable. He needs medicine as well as other checkup related things. I'd rather not discuss."

"I understand. I'll find him." I floored to Harry's for a quick chat and retrieved the Marauder's Map. Let's see the bastard get away this time.

It was simple to see his name with no students around. Holding the map reminds me of my school days. I try to vanish the short pang. That was a long time ago. He's hiding by the whomping willow. I go there quickly and sneak the last few feet. I don't see him but he's here. His name is standing on top of mine. The tree isn't trying to swat at me and when I look up I see a sour potions professor hiding in the branches.

"I thought you had a fear of heights?"



"I do. It's the lesser of two evils."

"I can see up your robes from down here." His face is straight.

"So. It's not like I don't have pants underneath. Go away. I'm not going to the medical wing."

"Sev you got to go."

"Don't call me that. Only Lily calls me that." I sigh. Baby steps. Baby steps.

"What if I went with you. Would that make it better."

"That would make it worse." I start climbing the tree. How the fuck did he get up here. There are few low branches and I know I'm in better shape than he is. Just as I get close to the branch he's on. He falls back. My arms reach for him not wanting him to fall. Before he touches the ground he shifts into a bat taking to the air for a moment then landing gently on the ground. He shifts back and runs before I can say anything.

It takes forever to get out of the tree. I wonder if Harry knows how true he was when he called Severus a bat. Once I'm done I take out the map. He's deep in the dungeons. I shift into Padfoot and give chase. I will grab him and carry him to Madam Pomfrey need be.

I turn a turn a corner and trap him at a dead end.

"Severus you are just prolonging the inevitable. And now you've trapped yourself." He smirks at me.

"I've lived in these dungeons for years. They are my home. I know every passageway and secret corridor." He says a word and the wall opens up behind him before closing immediately. I repeat the word and the wall refuses me. The map shows him already to the headmasters office. I use the passageways that I know to get there quickly.

"Sugarsnap." I say and the door opens up to let me in. Minerva looks at me.

"He's already left." She says sipping her drink. When I take out the map to locate him he's already down to the second floor in a bathroom.

"He's a fast one."

"When he's running from something he hates. I'm too old to chase him anymore." I try not to laugh at the cat chasing the bat.

A ghost yells at me when I try to enter the bathroom. Her hair is in pigtails and she has thick glasses. Moaning Myrtle. She's never let me or any of the other Mauders into this bathroom before. Coincidence that he chooses this one.

"I just need to get Severus."

"You aren't allowed in. I don't like mean bullies. He hasn't ran in here since he was a student, of course you would be the one to chase him in here."

"Did he come here a lot?" She glares at me.

"Sometimes. He would brew potions here. And I enjoyed the company. So I promised him that when he is here I won't let anyone else enter. Leave. He doesn't want to go with you." I walk in and she starts screaming angrily. Wails and screams. I find Severus at the back of the large room.

"That's enough Myrtle." She stops immediately. "Your wailing is giving me a headache." She giggles.

"She's offly nice to you." She giggles again.

"Losers have to stick together. He would come down here crying and I understood it so much."

"That's enough." While he is distracted I rush to him and throw him over my shoulder. He starts thrashing.

"Let me go. I refuse to go."

"You have to."

"Who's side are you on. I thought you cared about me. Why are you making me do this." The unhappiness is thick.

"You have to take care of yourself. I want you to be healthy." He argues with me the entire way to the medical wing. His eyes are shifting as I place him on the bed in the closed off wing.

"Like a Band-Aid love. Rip it fast." Madam Pomfrey says. She looks at me. "Are you staying or going."

"Staying."

"Going." Severus shouts. "He is not staying in here. I am not staying in here. I'm perfectly healthy." She nods.

"Right. Now undress." Her face is blank.

"Go fuck yourself." His eyes are wild.

"Still as articulate as I remember. You said the same thing your first checkup when you were a second year. I believe I got my way that time to." Her eyes clearly are asking him to test her. Severus stiffens slightly.

"It's different now. I'm not a child."

"Quite right. But I'm afraid you'll still have to take off your clothes." His cheeks are a lovely cherry color.

"Is this what all of this is about. He doesn't want to take off his clothes for the checkup." I say bringing full attention to myself.

"Yes. That's exactly it. Now that you understand lets go." He rushes to say.

"That isn't the only reason. Severus, either you tell him or I will."

"What the fuck happened to doctor confidentiality?"

"It flew out the window when you became my patent."

"We are not doing this. I'm leaving." He goes to stand up and she pushes him lightly back into a sitting position.

"He knows that he will have to get several shots and he hates needles, but the fact that he needs a

prostate exam is likely why he's even more reluctant." I can't hold the laughter.

"All day. You've been running because of that."

"Actually Sirius, you also need one. I can fit you in right after Severus." The laughter is gone.

"Boys both of you are at the age where these things must be done. Do not make a big deal about this."

"You are not sticking your finger up my ass." Severus hisses out. I'm starting to remember why people think he's scary. She isn't scared though. She points her finger at him.

"It isn't the highlight of my day either. But damn it, I'm a professional. It will be done today. Now pull down your pants." His cheeks are turning green when he looks at me.

"Make him leave first." Her head falls in her hands exasperated.

"Isn't he your boyfriend? It isn't like he's not seen you naked."

"Make him leave first." He states again though quieter. I stand up and kiss his cheek.

"Let's get this over with. I'll go first." I sigh. Not like I can refuse after chasing him all day. I pull down my pants and his eyes turn away from me. This may be the most awkward moment of my life and though it only lasts a minute, it still lasts too long. "Your turn. Want me to leave." He's torn. I make him stand up and undo his pants. "It'll be over quick. It's not like she wants to prolong this." His face is buried in his hands. His ears are red. "Relax. It's not that bad." It's over quickly but she still keeps him leaned over.

"It's just two shots. They will hardly hurt." I lay my hand on top of his head and he relaxes briefly. The shots look painful and judging by his muted grunts they are. I watch her do a few other things while writing them down, then she releases us.

We aren't halfway to the dungeons when he glares at me.

"You are to never bring this up." I smirk at him.

"Did you know you have a really cute ass?" He hisses at me then walks faster. "I don't know why you were so against it. I've seen you take much bigger things."

"Shut up. I don't want to talk about it."

"Are you registered?"

"I'm assuming you are talking about me changing into a bat, and yes. Recently I did. During the war I didn't want Voldemort to know."

"When did you learn. I mean it's a long hard process."

"I started learning about four days after I discovered you and your friends could change. I didn't want to be left behind." He says quietly.

"How come you didn't know it was me. I mean when I was a dog."

"I knew you were a dog, but it didn't make sense for you to be in that neighborhood. No one other than Albus knew about my home in Spinner End. And also from the way they talked about your dog form, I expected a much bigger mutt."

"How long did it take you? It's pretty incredible that all this time you've kept it a secret."

"It didn't take me that long. And I don't even want to hear any comments about the animal."

"It kind of suits you."

"Yea. An animal as awkward and ugly as me." He keeps walking.

"Bats are really misunderstood. They are very helpful but a lot of people are afraid of them. And neither you nor bats are ugly. They are cute in their own way."

"Of course they are." He mumbles while entering our room.

"And you are damn cute." He lifts an eyebrow.

"You need to get your eyes checked."

"Ugh. I've had my prostate checked today; I think I'll wait till a different time." He pauses for a moment and chokes down a laugh.

"Severus, I love you." The laughter stops. He lets me kiss him. "You don't have to pretend around me. You can if you want, but I know about the scars and I know about a good deal of your past. He sits down on a couch.

"I hate to ask." He starts. "But could you tell me a little about you."

"You already know a lot." He looks at his lap.

"Most of what I know I learned from other people. I would like to hear it from you." I kiss him temple.

"Where would you like me to start." His hands are in his lap.

"Anywhere."

I pull him against me and he relaxes into my embrace.

"I didn't get along with my parents. I never bought into the supremacy pure blood scheme." My fingers play in his hair. "I didn't care about the dark arts and as you know when I started Hogwarts I was put in Gryffindor. I made friends and was happy. I felt accepted. None of them saw me as evil and none of them saw me as a traitor. When I was sixteen my parents disowned me and I started living with James. From then on my life was pretty good. I was carefree. Sure it bothered me that my brother didn't understand me. He was the only Slytherin that I cared about. And you were the only Slytherin that constantly invaded my mind. I always just thought I hated you, but looking back it couldn't have been that." I kiss his cheek. His eyes are half closed. "When others would pick on you it would infuriate me. I felt like no one other than James or I had the right, though looking back a lot of what we did was stupid and cruel."

When I stop talking everything is quiet. His fingers have curled into my shirt and his head is practically in my lap. The air is thick. I want to see him laugh. I want to see him smile.

"Interested in making some magic together? My wand is at the ready." His head flies up.

"What?"

"If you were a Dementor, I'd become a criminal just to get your kiss." His face scrunches in

restrained laughter.

"Considering how close you came to just that do you really think you should be making light of it?" He finally says.

"I'm not wearing an invisibility cloak, but do you still think I could visit your restricted section." He smirks at me.

"I've been whomping my willow thinking about you." He counters.

"The sorting hat placed me in Gryffindor because like Godric Gryffindor, I too have an impressive sword."

"If you were a basilisk, I wouldn't mind dying just to look in your eyes." He smiles between laughter.

"Your smile's like expelliarmus: simple but disarming." His eyes are slightly wide.

"If I were to look into the Mirror of Erised, I'd see the two of us together." I kiss his lips softly.

"If I made you a love potion, no one could severus." He laughs until he snorts loudly then he covers his mouth.

"It's late, I'm going to bed."

"Mind if I Slytherin?" His face is a dark blush.

"Are you fucking serious."

"No but you will be." I smirk back at him. He laughs. He stops abruptly.

"I still have a long way to go." I nod.

"No rush. Baby steps." I kiss his cheek and follow him into his room. He changes into his sleep shirt quickly, though I want to, I don't watch him. He crawls into bed. I wait until he's under the covers before I turn and climb in as well. He's body is stiff but he still lets me pull him tight against me. I kiss his forehead. "Good night Severus." I close my eyes and just as I'm drifting off to sleep I feel the gentle brush of his lips against mine.

"Good night. Love."

## Chapter 10

### Chapter Notes

Finally a bit of smut up in here. Onward my ducklings.

In the middle of the night I hear the shower on and Severus is missing. I sit up noticing the bed in unusual disarray and it smells thickly of lust. Must have had another wet dream. Hell I'm not even surprised as pent up as he is. I hear the shower turn off and I wait for him to return.

He opens the door quietly while he uses a towel on his hair. The nightshirt is fresh and so are the boxers. Unlike the other sleep shirt this one is a short sleeved one. He tosses the towel to some corner of the room and looks up. When he notices me watching him he looks terrified.

It took a lot to get to this step. This isn't the first time I've seen him In his long sleep shirt. This isn't the first time I've seen the jagged scars on his wrist. The fear in his eyes says otherwise. He's frozen unsure of how to respond. He's caught between his normal cynical retorts or running.

"Don't look." He finally says. It comes out strangled. I stand up and step closer to him and that familiar fight or flight instinct fills his eyes. This is a pivotal moment. I can't look away. I back him into a wall and his breath comes out shaky. It would be erotic any other time.

"Don't be afraid." I need to remember how unstable he is. I can't come off too strong, but I can't appear detached. His eyes are watching me. I lace my fingers into his and he's too busy watching me to notice. I turn his hand so that I can see his wrist. Angry slashes line the top of the dark mark. I deliberately kiss each one. I go to the other arm and repeat the steps.

"Why are you doing this."

"Because I want to. Let me do this." I unbutton his shirt and he stops me nervously. He isn't even trying to conceal the fear.

"What are you doing now." His voice is frantic. I shush him.

"I promise I have no intentions of removing your boxers. At least not tonight. I will not do anything to hurt you. Give me a chance." Before I can undo another button his hands stop me.

"They get worse. I know you know that, but I do not want you to see them." I kiss his hands and push them to his sides.

"Severus, it will be okay." His eyes are clinched shut and I kiss his cheek. "Open your eyes. I want you to see what I'm doing." His face is flushed a healthy pink. When I remove the rest of the buttons he immediately shivers. From his upper left shoulder to his bellybutton zigzagging scars form barriers. He's still hesitant. I start at the shoulder.

"I know this one is my fault." He doesn't know how to respond to my admission of guilt. My tongue grazes the imperfection. I know his eyes are back closed, but I don't prompt him to open them again. His skin is cold and still slightly damp from the water. My tongue follows the road with open mouth kisses. His knees are shaking as if he will collapse any moment. My hand is on the outside of his thigh. He opens his eyes briefly when I pause. "I'm not going to take advantage of

you." I separate his knees from each other and softly touch the burn on his inner thigh. This action startles him. "I know I teased you because of this one." I press my forehead against the blotchy skin. "I'm sure this hurt a lot."

"It wasn't a big deal. Just an accident." He's looking away. Not meeting my eyes. I kiss the spot three times.

"Don't lie to me Severus. I know this was done to you on purpose. And I know it hurt bad." I kiss the spot a last time before he has the chance to push me away. I try to turn him around and he fights me.

"Enough Black. I don't know what you're game is, and I'm not interested in finding out."

"Severus. I'm going to kiss every scar you have." I kiss his cheek then I kiss his chest. "I don't care how long I have to wait for you to turn around, take your time. Do whatever you have to in order to come to terms with this. I care about you, and I will show you." He doesn't have the energy to struggle against my hold.

"The ones on my back," He doesn't finish. I press my lips against his and he relaxes slightly. My hands relax on his hips. The nightshirt is pooled at his feet. I nip at his neck then pull away.

"Turn around for me." His face is paper white but he nods.

"You don't have to do this. Once I put the potion on they aren't noticeable." My tongue follows the 'F' carved into his back and he shivers. The 'a' is next and I pepper it with the same attention. I can see the slight tent in his boxers, and I can see the fear in his eyes. I dot the 'g' with feather light kisses before moving to the next word. His palms are flat against the wall in front of him while I show the same treatment to every carved letter on his back. "I don't want you to force yourself."

"I'm not." My arm wraps around his front and I softly stroke him through his boxers; his legs start shaking until I question if they can hold him up. I finish with his back and kiss the center one extra time. All the while I'm encouraging his hips to thrust into my hand. It doesn't take much encouragement he's already whimpering.

I pull my hand away and his legs immediately clinch shut. His mouth is tight and his ears are glowing.

"Come lay in bed Severus." He doesn't need any more prompting. He lets me continue kneading his erection through the thin cloth, but then he stops me.

"You won't. You promise that my boxers will stay on."

"I promise that I will not make you do anything." He nods quietly. I lift him into my lap and softly grind against him. He lays his head on my shoulder as his nails dig into my back. But I don't mind. My hands are on his hips encouraging him to return my movements. "Did you have a good dream love?" He nods into my shoulder. One of my hands tangle in his hair. "Tell me what it was about." His head shakes erratically. "Come on Severus. I'd love to hear about it. Was I in it." The nails dig deeper when he nods.

I can feel his erection sliding against mine and the need to kiss him is overwhelming. It takes a lot of coaxing to pull his head from it's hiding place. I lift his chin slowly to look him in the eyes. His lip is being bitten roughly to quiet any sounds. His eyes are hazy. But he lets me kiss him. I take the abused lip between my own and suck gently. As always he tastes like sugar.

His hips meet mine in need. I kiss him feverishly and when I pull away to breath I notice the still

dark hickey on his neck. It only arouses me more. I lay him back against the bed and clime on top of him. He can't hide the fear. My calloused hand is rough against his cheek but he doesn't seem to mind.

"It's okay. If at any point you want me to stop just say so. I won't be mad." I kiss his chest where I can feel the pounding heart. I find his neck and create a few more reminders that he's mine, he does the same. His hand wanders between us and he presses his palms into my chest. I'm waiting for him to push me away, but he doesn't. His long skilled finger glide over my sweating chest and when the pad of his finger grazes my nipple I actually moan.

I'm not sure if this arouses or frightens the shaking potion professor under me. I softly bite his ear.

"What did you dream about?" I whisper. I hear him gasping.

"Embarrassing."

"You dreaming about me is erotic, I want to know what I did to you or what you did to me."

"Embarrassing." He mumbles again. I lift his legs and he wraps them around me. Instinctively I grind against his entrance to which he throws his head back and moans loudly. I bite down hard on his ear and then suck it into my mouth.

"I want to make you feel good. I want to live up to your fantasies. Tell me how to please you Severus." I latch onto his neck leaving a nice red mark.

"You were touching me." He starts slowly.

"Keep going." I don't look at his face because I know that would only make this more difficult for him.

"It wasn't the first time we had.. you know." I lick the new mark in encouragement. "You were fingering me and it felt good. I wasn't afraid." I kiss along his jaw line. "And then I was sucking you and you tasted good. I wanted to. You didn't make me do it." I kiss his jugular while softly sucking his Adam's apple. I can clearly see a wet spot from precum in his underwear and every part of me wants to lick it. I thrust against his entrance while his hands fling down to stroke himself. "And then you were inside me. And it felt so good. I was so full." His eyes are clamped shut and the faster he strokes himself the faster he talks.

"Do you want me to be inside you one day. When you're ready." He nods feverously.

"I was so happy. And I felt so safe and loved. Never felt like that before." My hand lays on top of his and I make him stroke himself faster.

"I love you Severus."

"No more." He says in-between moans. "Got to stop or I'll.."

"I want you to cum for me." I stroke him faster. "I want to make you feel good." His hips thrash erotically from pleasure. "And I want to make you feel happy." I can feel his dick twitch through the cloth. "And I want to make you feel loved." His breath comes out in gasps. "Because I do love you Severus." He screams slightly as his body spasms. Shallowly he thrusts into my hand as he rides the course of his orgasm. Still gasping I lay him back on the bed to watch his hips continue to spasm. "I love you Severus." I say while laying next to him. I kiss his temple. "It's late. We should go back to sleep." He looks at me and timidly looks down.



"You're still hard." He says quietly. I hear myself sigh.

"Yea. But I'm not going to ask you to do anything." I gently stroke his hair. "It's not a big deal." He's not looking at me.

"Are you sure." The words are whispered.

"Severus. Do you want to touch me." His mouth opens and closes but no sound comes out. The fourth time he opens his mouth and then closes it back I pull his lips to mine. "Severus. I want you to touch me. It's been a long time since I was able to get off and I want you to make me feel good." His cheeks are already red. "But I don't want you to feel obligated or forced. I'm willing to go as slow as you want.

"I can touch you?"

"Severus. You're my boyfriend. Yes. You can touch me. As much as you like." His hands are shaking, but his eyes look eager. His first touch is hesitant. Half-hearted strokes. His thumb lazily circles outside of my underwear. They are too tight. I want to pull them down, but I don't want to startle him. His eyes are focused on his hands. My hand plays with his hair. "Severus, can I take my boxers off. They are really tight." I can see his ears glowing when he nods. His eyes stay closed as I slide the material off my hips. When he finally opens his eyes they look different. They are glazed over and entirely too enticing.

His hand grips me firmly and strokes me slowly. Entirely too slow but blessedly pleasurable. He's sitting on his legs. His long fingers feel amazing squeezing my shaft and slowing pumping me. He smiles slightly when I twitch in his hands. His hand is hypnotic. It slides up and down squeezing every so often. His thumb will circle the crown for a moment and then join the rest of his hand around my shaft. I watch him rub his index finger against the slit gathering up a little precum. I watch that finger softly press into his mouth. I watch his hand travel down to stroke his growing erection. His eyes close tightly for a moment and then his hand returns to stroking me.

I find myself thrusting involuntary, but he doesn't seem to mind. His erection slides against my leg as he strokes me faster. Occasionally he licks his lips or whimpers. His gliding hand is still too slow and before I can stop myself I'm groaning in need.

"Severus, please I need more." I close my eyes and lay back.

"Yea." He quietly says. He slides off of me to my dissatisfaction. I hear him breathing shakily and it only excites me further. I lay in bed with my eyes closed for a while with no movements. Just as I'm wondering if he will continue I feel a heat encircle my swollen dick. I don't bother holding back the moans. The pleasure is so intense I can't keep my eyes open. A flat tongue presses against my shaft while a hand holds my hips down.

"Severus." My hands grab any strands of hair I can. I can feel him moaning around my shaft.

"Merlin your mouth is so hot." Holding my eyes open is a challenge, but every moment they are open I'm greeted with the image of thick long dark locks bobbing up and down. A while back I wouldn't have believed this could be Severus or that I would want it to be.

He takes my length entirely into his mouth and I can feel the back of his throat. I force my eyes open. I want to see this. I want to watch him. His eyes are clinched shut; his cheeks hallowed. His back is curved and I can clearly see the scars. His bottom is in the air, the boxers are gone. A very large toy is inside him though it's off. A remote lays innocently beside him. Even from my position I can clearly see his erection. He's long, though not very thick. He looks bigger than me. Though not by much. He whimpers occasionally.

My fingers softly press against his back encouraging him. When his tongue presses against my slit I see stars. Beside him I grab the remote and turn it to the second setting. It immediately whirls to life and slowly thrusts into him. The shock makes him gasp, but when moans accompany it I turn up the setting.

The toy thrusts wildly into him and every buzz has him whimpering and swallowing more of my dick.

"Fuck Severus. Do you have any idea how sexy you are?" I watch his ass twitch around the buzzing toy. "Your mouth is so hot. Your ass is so hungry to be filled." He whimpers as I talk. His dick twitches. "I'm going to fill you one day." I lay my hand on the back of his head encouraging him to take me deeper. He does. He lets me thrust into his mouth while his hand reaches back to fuck himself harder. "Are you always so horny. Or is it just for me. How many times have you pretended I'm the one fucking you." I pull his mouth away from my dick and kiss him hard. He opens his eyes and they are clouded with lust. "Fuck you're so beautiful." His eyes are wide and unbelieving. I pull him close to me and he wastes no time stroking us together. His long fingers easily grab both of our cocks and slide them together.

"Feels good." He moans out. He's spasming against me.

"Severus. I want to use the toy on you." He looks down and nods nervously.

"I trust you." He mumbles quietly. I kiss his head softly.

"Tell me if you want me to stop." His hips are narrow and feminine. He twitches when I grip the vibrator. "I love you Severus." I push it deep inside of him and pull it nearly out. I repeat this several times gaining speed. I slam it into him harder and harder as he strokes our cocks. I can feel it slamming his body against mine, but he doesn't protest. He starts meeting the thrusts and taking them full on. "I knew you'd be amazing in bed. You're so restrained. I knew you'd be insatiable." He's gasping.

"Can't help it. Wanted you. Long time." He screams slightly and I'm worried I did something wrong. "Again. There. Please." Those simple one word sentences might as well have been begging coming from him. His body goes limp against mine unable to stand up to the pleasure. I can feel gentle vibrations shaking all of his body. So close. "I'm gonna. Gotta stop. or I'll." I slam it in deeply and hold it against his prostrate. He whimpers sweetly. "Sirius. I'm gonna cum." He looks at me with lust filled eyes. Those dark expressive eyes beg me for release and I can no longer hold my own. I groan loudly while molding his body against mine. Reflexively I thrust against him while slamming the toy deeper inside of him in and out fast. "Sirius. Gonna." The sentence is left unfinished as his body shakes on top of mine. I feel our cum coating the lower part of our bodies. I rub his back softly while pulling the toy out of him.

He doesn't move for a while and it isn't until I hear soft content snores that I realize he's asleep.

"If this is you when you're nervous, I'm excited to see how you'll be when you're comfortable."

# Chapter 11

## Chapter Notes

Another chapter... I have them written through fourteen but I have no idea how long it will take until chapter fifteen is finished... for now enjoy this chapter... onward my ducklings.

The students have recently shown up for their classes. The halls are no longer empty. My room is back in working order, but I never sleep there. Severus explained that he didn't want anyone to know about our relationship, and though I wanted to scream it from all the towers, I told him that I would respect his wishes.

I never knew there was so much to this teaching thing. I knew it wouldn't be easy, but after explaining a simple transformation numerous times and still having students confused, it's bruising to one's pride. Severus has little time for our relationship, but I already knew this would be the case. He stays up late sometimes not coming to bed until well into the a.m., and then waking up early. He's meticulous in his grading and though I originally thought he showed much slack to his Slytherin students, I've noticed red lines on even their papers. We've not been intimate since that night, it's hard enough just to get him to bed before the sun comes up.

Most nights he patrols the halls and I accompany him as padfoot. He never says so, but he likes the company. He takes his job seriously, and I've found higher respect for him.

"Sirius, change into Padfoot now, and don't change back." He says suddenly. I hear a faint charm go off. "I would prefer you stay in the room, but I know that won't happen." I change as he asked me to. He opens the door and a timid first year walks in.

"Ms Walks, you understand that is it past your curfew." She nods scared.

"You said the first night that if we needed anything to ask you, and I didn't know who else I could ask." She suddenly blurts out. She looks near tears and her face is burning. Her bottom lip is quivering. He nods gently.

"I have been the Slytherin head of house for many years. There is nothing you can tell me that I haven't already dealt with." Her hand holds her arms as she looks down. "Would you like to sit down." She shakes her head rapidly. Neither sit down. "Is it about classes. Or are you merely homesick." She bites her lip hard. "Are you being bullied or abused in any way." She continues to shake her head. Suddenly he starts nodding to himself. "Ms. Walks. When I was a student here I had a really close female friend. During that time I cannot count the number of time I went with her to the medical wing for sanitary napkins. It became such a common thing that I started keeping them on hand just in case she needed one." The girl calms down slightly. "I have some if you needed them, or I can accompany you to the medical wing tonight if you would like."

She starts crying slightly.

"Thank you, I was really worried, cuz you're a boy and I didn't know how to talk about it." He lets her cry for a moment.

"If you go into that room and look under the sink you will find them. Take as many as you need if you are to embarrassed to go ask Poppy." She thanks him again and leaves the room. When she returns she looks much more comfortable.

"Thank you." He nods.

"And I'll see you in detention in one week for skipping class tomorrow morning. I'll see to it that you do not get behind." She smiles for a moment and laughs.

"Thank you sir." The moment she leaves the room to return to her dormitories I change back.

"Softy."

"Hardly. I gave her detention."

"And permission to skip classes in the morning."

"All of the head of houses do this type of thing. She was terrified and it's late. She would have been exhausted tomorrow and that's dangerous in a potions classroom."

"You do this a lot."

"I already told you. I'm the head of house. I've had students come to me because of nightmares, abusive situations both from parents and a boy or girlfriends. I had students come to me about joining the dark lord. Those were the most difficult. I had to be cautious not to give myself away while not condemning them either. Dealing when young girls coming of age is also incredibly common. Eleven and Twelve are a very common age for young girls to get their first period. Not all feel comfortable coming to me, but the ones that do, I will not scare off. It's completely natural."

"We teased you about having those female things with you."

"Pads. Yes. You did."

"I mean yea, I assumed they were for Lily, but I didn't know why you had them."

"She was forgetful and easily embarrassed about asking random girls for them. So I made it a point to always have at least a couple. It's not a big deal."

"Severus. The war is over. You don't have to pretend about anything anymore."

"It's not that simple."

"You shouldn't feel the need to hide anything. If you want to read a romance book you shouldn't have to hide it behind a potions book."

"Sirius. People have an image of myself that they perceive me to be. I'm sure you understand that. I have no need for everyone to know embarrassing things about me."

"Like that you love romantic comedies and musicals."

"Exactly. There is no point to anyone knowing."

"But it makes you more human."

"Well. It's better if people think of me as the old bat of the dungeons."

"You don't really care for your animas form do you?"

"I hate heights. Of course that would mean I end up being something that flies. I don't dislike it. It comes in handy. Like when sneaking into Azkaban." I drop the cup and it shatters.

"That was you. I just thought there was something wrong with the thing. Even after I tried to eat it, it always came right up to me." He sighs. "Fuck. You brought me food, I would have starved. Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"It wasn't something I thought you needed to know, but that's probably why I couldn't be mad at you about pretending to be a dog. I've heard you rant about things that I had no business knowing." I can't stop pacing.

"I tried to kill you the first time."

"You were hungry. That's the main reason I brought food, so that you wouldn't try to eat me again." He laughs slightly at the horridness of it.

"Why do I always try to hurt you? I didn't even know it was you and I tried to hurt you."

"Because you're an asshole that liked hurting things smaller than you." Speaking of smaller. It looks like he's gained a bit of weight. His ribs don't jut out dangerously anymore. He pulls at the high collar of his robes.

"Why do you still wear them?" His arms wrap around himself carefully.

"Just because you've seen them doesn't mean I like to see them. Even with the potion covering them up, I still know they are there. I don't want to see them. And it's not just for modesty's sake. The dungeons are my home, but they are also freezing during the warmest part of the year."

"Will you hide them from me. The scars."

"No." He sighs. "You'd just do that again."

"And what do you mean by that." I whisper in his ear. His cheeks glow slightly.

"Kiss them." He strangles out.

"We did a lot more than kiss." His shoulders are tense. His eyes tightly shut. His cheeks are dusted with a rosy shade. "You've been a softy for a long time, you've just gotten better about hiding it." He looks down slightly.

"What if I have?" My fingers grip his hair and I pull him to my lips. Lips comfortably move against mine, and when he pulls away his eyes are hazy. "I have some papers that I need to finish grading."

"Yeah you do." I grab his hand and move him to the bedroom.

"And I need to finish working out my lesson plan for the next week."

"I know." His hand tightens around mine.

"And I have other brewing that I need to do."

"You'll get it done." His hand doesn't pull away.

"And I should probably look over the halls to make sure no students are out past curfew."

"I'm sure several are roaming the halls."

"Sirius. I'm tired."

"Well it is late. Come to bed." I kiss his cheek while pulling him beside me. Since term has started the lines in his face have become more prominent. His eyes- though still focused- tired. His hair has returned to looking greasy, but I've come to understand working for eight hours in a closed off dungeon with potion fumes will do that.

"I have too much to do for sleep." I pull him on top of me.

"Getting more than four hours of sleep is more important than anything." He fights back a yawn in protest, but I watch his eyes slide closed.

"This isn't a big deal. During the second war it was much worse. I didn't have time to sleep, and when I did, I would have such horrible nightmares that I would refuse sleep. I relied on potions to keep me awake. I would go months with only a couple hours of sleep. Just using the potions. I was terrified of falling asleep."

"Why didn't you use a dreamless sleep draught?"

"Because I have the tendency to become addicted to them.. When I was a student here I took it every night. I needed it. Otherwise I would wake up my roommates with screaming. Until I moved into this room that is. Lily and I were very close. If I asked her to she would stay in my room with me. It helped me sleep."

"I know you miss her." He's not resisting when I wrap my arm around his narrow frame.

"I think we were so close because I didn't have to express my feelings to her. And I never was very good at explaining why I do things. She understood. She knew the things that I wanted to say sometimes before I knew. She was my sister. I love her." His voice doesn't betray any sadness, but I know it's there.

"You have a lot of people that care about you." He yawns slightly.

"I guess I do." He states. "Frankly it's about time."

"So be honest. Do you actually like kids? You act like you hate them, but you take being a head of house very seriously."

"They need someone looking out for them. I don't dislike them, but teenagers are cruel creatures. That never changes."

"So you wouldn't want any kids in the future."

"No. Neither biologically mine nor adopted ones. I would hate to fuck up some child just because I'm incapable of caring for one correctly. And eventually she would find out that I was once a death eater. I'd be to ashamed to face her after that."

"She?" He stiffens slightly.

"I will admit to considering adoption. With the war many children are left without parents, and If I were to adopt I would want a daughter."

"I bet you'd be a good mother."

"Go fuck yourself. Even if I am a bottom, I'm still a man." His words have no bite to them. "And I'm to busy to properly care for a child."

"It wouldn't be so difficult. You could rely on her father." He stiffens.

"I don't know what you are implying."

"I'm only saying that I would like children and that I have no intentions of ending our relationship." His fingers curl into my sleep robes. "Severus, I will not push anything on you. If you don't want children of our own then we wouldn't. But I know both of us would be good parents, and like you said, a lot of children are without parents."

"Are you considering something long term with me." The words are a whisper. I don't understand at first.

"Severus, you know that I want to be with you."

"Yes, but now you are speaking of longer, maybe even the rest of our lives. I didn't realize you meant this."

"Are you against me loving you for the rest of my life." I can only see his ears change color.

"No. I'm not against it." The answer is neutral, but I can hear the slight edge of happiness in his voice. My lips ghost against his head. I want to touch him. We've yet to make love. And we haven't been intimate since the night I kissed all of his scars; I've been itching to feel him again, but his light snores pull me back to reality. Let him sleep.

For all of his angry looks and threatening demeanor, he's a cuddlier. I've never been one to let a woman lay on top of me all night, I'm still not. Him laying on top of me so innocently only entices my arousal. But when I let him lay on top of me, he rarely has nightmares-however most nights I wake to him performing spells to clean sheets. He's always embarrassed about the nocturnal emissions.

In his sleep he is always expressive. Just his soft panting is enough to make me hard, but when his fist clutches my robes in need It's all I can do not to violate him in his sleep. I desire him. When his lithe body softly presses into me I groan audibly. Unconsciously he grinds against my leg. I will not touch him while he is unconscious. I know it would make him hesitant to share a bed with me. I shake him gently loathing waking him. When he groggily opens his eyes my heart clinches.

"Severus, you became aroused in your sleep." This wakes him up slightly. He apologizes repeatedly while trying to excuse himself. I don't let him go. "You looked delicious grinding against me. It really turned me on." I hold his hand gently in my own and pull it down to my erection. He's still hesitant to do anything intimate with me surpassing kissing and laying with me at night. "Severus, when you are unconscious, you know exactly what you want. You're so needy and hungry to be pleased. Wouldn't you like that while you are awake." I'm shocked when he timidly nods. I dream of the day I take him the first time. "If you want me to make you feel good you only have to say so." His cheek is warm against my lips and even this only arouses me.

His night shirt has ridden up and all I can see is the curve of his back. He doesn't notice. My fingers tips trace the small of his back. They follow the path leading to his shoulders, and though his eyes are large and calculating, he doesn't stop me. He lets me remove his shirt. I smile when he makes no attempts to hide his scarred chest. He lets me look openly.

"Sirius, I would like.." He pauses for a moment to gather his thoughts. His lip trapped between his

teeth. While he gathers his thoughts my thumb travels over his creamy chest and teases a pale pink nub. Dark orbs grow hazy. Any man could recognize that need. My forehead rests on his shoulder for a moment. Restraining myself is exhausting. Severus hasn't regained his speech.

"What would you like Severus." His eyes are tightly shut and his hands grasp the front of my robes. They shake timidly.

"I would like to touch you. You have seen me without clothes many times." I kiss right below his ear.

"Maybe so, but you've used polyjuice potion to see all of me. That was really naughty. And you did it without my permission." He's quiet for a moment.

"I knew I would have never been able to get your permission. I know that makes what I did ever more of an invasion and I apologize." I press my lips against the pulse point on his neck.

"I was never upset. I'll admit when I first heard you and Remus talking about it I was stunned, but not ever angry. You were so cute when no one was watching." I softly bite his right nipple and he shakily exhales. "And you are cute now as well." I grasp his twitching erection and instinctively he thrusts into my hand. "I can't wait till everyone knows that you're mine."

"No. Don't want anyone to know." I suck on his ear lobe.

"Why not." I whisper out. He chokes on his moan. "You never answer me. Why don't you want anyone to know about us." I release my erection and he wastes no time stroking me. "Tell me." His eyes are fearful as he's torn between his need and insecurities. I'm asking him to drop another shield. While we dance around our sexual desires I'm asking him to expose parts of himself that he's let time scab over. I reach between us to release his own needy member when he pulls slightly back. Instinctively he's recoiled from my touch.

I take his hand from his hips where he's defensively holding his boxers in place. I kiss his palm then hold it to my chest. His eyes shift watching my every movement.

"Do you feel how my heart is pounding. I love you. I will love you for the remainder of my life. That means that I don't want to hide you or our relationship from others. I want to be able to hold you in my arms whenever I desire without worrying over who is around." His face is flushed. "It also means that I want to pleasure you and be pleased. Please don't hide yourself from me. I want all of you." His flat hand is pressed securely against my chest. "And I'm nervous too. I've never been with a male before and I'm not confident that I can please you fully, but I'm going to try and I'll learn what turns you on and how you like to be touched."

"I'm not... I've never." My hand cups his face and I brush our lips. "I do not enjoy pain and in my experience, the one in the female role is always in pain." I kiss his cheek.

"You aren't hurting when you play with yourself. When you use those toys." I feel the heat radiating off of his cheeks. "I would be gentle with your body. But I am not asking for sex tonight, we have the rest of our lives. Tonight all I want is to know why you are against anyone knowing that we are together." His eyes lock on his hands being securely held.

"I still have some grading to do. I'm too busy tonight for any of this." He leaves me without another thought.

Laying back in bed, I wonder over what else I could do. How can I put him at ease. How can I get him to confide in me. I shift into padfoot and walk into the sitting room. He's sitting on the



loveseat, and although there are papers in his lap he makes no moves to grade. I lay on my back in front of him exposing my belly to show that I want it rubbed. He shows no hesitations in doing just that. His hands would be enough to make me fall in love with him, but that vulnerable side does me in. Those eyes that go from being steel to gooey.

"No one would believe that we are together. They would assume that I put you under a love potion. And if they did believe that you genuinely pursued me numerous people would state the obvious that I am not good enough for you. I just want to have something without being judged about it." I nuzzle against his hand. "And I know you would be gentle, I'm just not used to being treated like a girl. Even those times that I was..." He pauses. "you know. They didn't do it because they thought of me as a girl. It was only to break me. I don't know how to think about being taken willingly. To submit to someone willingly." His nails scratch my tender belly. "When I was a student I learned that if I busied myself. If I didn't give myself a moments rest then I wouldn't have time to realize how unhappy I am. How inadequate." I shift back and pull him down to the floor on top of me.

With the close proximity I can feel his erection. He makes no movements to pull away; he makes no movements to shift closer. His dark eyes lock with mine. I can see everything in those dark needy eyes.

"Severus, the people close to us already know we are together. They are the opinions of the people who matter. All of them deeply care about both of us, and all of them have threatened to hurt me if I ever hurt you. Because none of them worry that you wouldn't be loving in this relationship. They only worry that I won't be. And I will." I stretch my arms out to lay firmly on his back. "Severus, if you don't want to be the submissive one in the bedroom you don't have to. I know that you are a man. I will never see you as something less than that, and if you would prefer being the dominate one you can. I've already told you I'm fine in whatever role you want me to be in."

"You love me." It's a statement. Like a fact he tastes on his lips. I smile up at him.

"I don't know why it took me so long to realize it. I was so cruel to you." I watch his fingers clinch my robes. His finger tips are slightly off colored from decades of working with potions. Permanently stained. Those long digits are so graceful. I want to taste them. I want to bring them to my lips. To taste where he's been. I'm sure they will taste bitter. "But only you could always hold my attention. Everyone knew the rumors about me. About my numerous conquests. Most of them were older girls. Girls that held no modesty when it came to sex. It was casual and fun. None of them expected me to give them my heart, and none of them wanted it." I enjoy that tint of jealousy in those expressive eyes. "I didn't care to learn half of their names, and usually after both of our lust was sated we parted ways and didn't care to find each other again. Since the first time I met you I could never forget your name." He's shifting awkwardly, and I know he isn't accustomed to being talked to in this way.

"Sirius.." I press my fingers to his mouth.

"Please let me finish. I need to say this." He nods. "The first time on the train when you were talking to Lily about wanting to be put in Slytherin. I wanted to tell you how evil that house is. I was furious that you would want to go to that house, and I never understood why."

"Your parents shoved Slytherin pureblood propaganda down your windpipe at every chance." I smile at his words.

"Yes, but why is it that it only bothered me to hear you say that. When Lily said she wanted to be in the same house as you, I wasn't angry at her. When other children I grew up with wanted to be put in Slytherin like their family, I wasn't angry at them. Only you." My fingers find a lock of his hair and I hold it tightly. "When McGonagall called Severus Snape up to be sorted, I held my

breath. Then he said Slytherin. You didn't seem happy even though it was the house you wanted."

"I knew that a friendship with Lily would be hard if we were in different houses let alone rival ones."

"When they called my name just a few after yours I was relieved. I sat down and it felt like forever before the hat was placed on my head. I knew I would be put in Slytherin. Every one of my family members were. Both of my parents. Aunts. Uncles. Cousins. I knew that is where I would be going. And I was angry about it, but I was also relieved. I wanted to be in the same house as you. I didn't know why. When the hat didn't say Slytherin I was confused."

"Why did you want to be in the same house as me? You hated me."

"I don't think I did. I felt very strongly for you. I felt that you were mine and in my youth not being able to understand why I was pulled to you, I took it as hatred. Severus, I have not felt deeply for anyone that I have been with, and I'm worried that I may prove to be a bit possessive. When I found out that you were touched and it wasn't by me I was angry. A part of me wanted to take out that anger at you because that is what I have always done. Another part wanted to hunt down every shit-bag that defiled your perfect body. A part of me still wants to do that."

His body is tense and his eyes calculating.

"Severus, I want to touch you. I want to run my hands over your body. I want to worship every inch until you can think of no one's touches but my own. I want to make you cum so much that your body feels like liquid. I want to litter your skin with so many hickies that they out number your scars. That way every time you undress you aren't filled with sadness, and instead you are reminded of how much I love you." His erection twitches against my torso, but his eyes are locked with mine. "Severus, I want to call out your name during sex until it's the only word I know. I want to make love to you so tenderly that you could never doubt my love. I want to rut until we both feel too dirty to look each other in the eyes. Severus I want you to touch me. I want you to run your hands over my body. I want you to worship every inch until I can think of no one's touches but yours. I want you to make me cum so much that my body feels like liquid. I want you to call out my name until it's the only word you know. Severus, I want you to love me. There will be time for arguments. There will be time for insecurities. We can settle everything. I just want you." The last of his resolve breaks and his lips crash into mine.

His mouth devours mine and I'm reminded of how passionate he is. His fingers pull on my hair; it would be painful if it didn't turn me on so much. He's shifting where his leg is in-between mine and mine in-between his. Neither of us care to breathe. Letting him taste every crevice of my mouth is more important than oxygen. His tongue is like sugar and when I suck on that sweet appendage his dick twitches against my thigh. A low growl like moan follows. It takes me forever to realize that sound is coming from his vocal cords.

His fingers twitch against my robes not knowing how to proceed, but his lips hold no hesitations. I feel the bridge of his nose against my jaw and his breath against the hollow of my neck. Teeth graze the flesh before puncturing. It's painful. It's erotic as fuck. Light kisses dot the skin apologetically. His graceful fingers grasp my hair as if it's a float thrown in the water and he's a drowning man. He kisses me like the oxygen in my lungs is the last breathable air. When he pulls away we are both gasping from the passion. When we pull away realization returns to his eyes.

"I'm sorry. I lost myself for a second." He has a half crazed smile of his face like he's trying to downplay his embarrassment. "Wanted to do that for a long time."

"Fuck. Don't stop now." My hand on the back of his neck pulls him back down. Our lips meet. His

hands are groping frantically. Touching wherever his wrists lead them. They venture under my shirt without hesitancy. The pads of his fingers map out the expansion of my chest. His movement is frenzied like I'll change my mind. I let him dominate the kiss enjoying the bold possessiveness.

I grind against his hip needing friction. The feeling sobers him. His hands pull down my trousers and boxers hesitantly. I hiss when his large hands grab my member expertly.

His stained fingers massage the engorged flesh. And I smirk when he's the one to whimper.

"Severus, making me feel good." Those are the only words I can manage.

"That's kind of the point." I feel close. I'm pleased watching him rubbing his own erection through his pants. From the way he's panting, I know he's close too.

"You look amazing when you're in pleasure." He whines loud while gasping and strokes me faster.

"You're beautiful." His words are quiet and I question if I imagined it. When his hand leaves my shaft to massage my balls I moan loudly. This only encourages him.

"Severus, I'm going to cum." He doesn't say anything and instead uses his other hand to stroke my shaft. "Severus, that's too much." When his hand strokes me faster I wonder if he's even listening. "Ahh. Fuck." I groan as I release. Once I come down from my high I look at the white splatters covering my slightly annoyed, slightly indifferent boyfriend. I don't mean to laugh. "Severus, you look really good covered in my cum." He doesn't say anything and uses his sleeve to wipe my cum from his face. "Let me take care of you now." His cheeks are slightly red.

"Um. Actually." Looking down I can see a slight wet stain in his lap. "I came a while ago." He says a cleansing spell and helps me up.

"It's late love, let's go to bed. If you want, I'll help you grade tomorrow." He nods accepting my help.

"Sirius. I would like to try intercourse with you." I turn to look at him in shock. "Not tonight. The weekend. When we do not have to worry about classes." I smile at him.

"Normally this type of thing is a spur of the moment activity. But it would make sense for you to plan it out."

"Are you okay with that?"

"Of course I am Severus. Gives me plenty of time to prepare."

"Prepare?" I nod at him.

"Yes. I think it's about time we went on our first date." His face is blank, but his eyes are wide.

"That sounds nice. I've not really been on a date per say."

"I'll take care of everything. I'll pick up my lovely date Saturday at noon."

"Wonderful. Does your lovely date realize I'm coming too?" He says dismissively. "Fine, you talked me into it. Just. Something low key. Please." I kiss his cheek and pull him into bed.

"Naturally my love. Sirius Black is the definition of low key."

"I'm doomed."



# Chapter 12

## Chapter Notes

wooo first date... onward my ducklings.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Severus has been missing since morning. I'm not surprised. McGonagall came down to wish me luck on our first date. When I asked how she knew about it, she told me that since dawn Severus has been pacing the headmaster's office while talking to Albus's portrait.

"He's really jittery. I must know. Where are you taking him? Someplace he'll like I'm sure." She says.

"Oh, he will definitely enjoy the date. But it's a surprise, I can't even tell it to you."

"Could you at least give me a hint? I'll admit I was sent to probe you." She laughs lightly. "The poor dear is beyond nervous. It just want to know what kind of clothes he should where, but he doesn't want you to realize how anxious he is."

"Something casual and muggle. We will be in muggle London." She smirks.

"I know just the thing. I got it for him for Christmas a couple years back, but he was adamant, saying he would never where it." Her laugh is maniacal. "Oh. This will be a night to remember. I'll see to it that he is back in the room by noon. You should get ready as well. Shortly after she leaves I do just that. I'm not use to wearing muggle clothing. But the simple red shirt is comfortable, and the pants look good on me."

"Master Sirius, is Severus still away."

"Yes Sprinkle. I'm taking him on a date soon and right now he's talking with Albus and Minerva. They are apparently helping him get ready."

"Yes, Severus is seeming very anxious this morning, but a good anxious I'm sure."

"I will treat him well, you have my word. It's almost time. I must admit I'm a bit anxious myself. This will be my first date with a man. I will try to show him a good time while not embarrassing him. I severely doubt he would be apt to hold my hand while we walked."

"Severus is shy with outward shown affection, but he is a romantic at heart. I'm sure he would be willing to do anything asked of him. And if you're begging my pardon Master Sirius, I would suggest changing into that one blue shirt Severus is liking you in so much." I smirk slightly. "The greyish blue with the silver buttons down the middle. Severus was saying you look very fetching in that color."

"Is that so. You and I will have to have a chat about all the things Severus has told you."

"Hurry and change now. Severus is on his way back." He chuckles to himself. I can't recall every seeing a house elf laugh. "He is not happy about his appearance. But I believe you will be." He bows and pops away.

I change quickly. Leaving the top few buttons undone. Just as I roll up the sleeves Severus quietly enters. He's wearing his normal black bulky robes.

"I thought you were getting dressed. Didn't McGonagall tell you, were going to muggle London?" He nods. His hair is clean but otherwise not styled.

"Yes, I have on muggle clothing under the robes. I will wait until we are outside of Hogwarts so that I do not have to answer any unneeded questions." That makes sense. And that's a very Snape like thing to do. His voice is neutral, but his eyes are wild. His eyes look excited and anxious. He's grasping his robes tightly as if they are concealing a secret. By every measurement he looks uncomfortable in his clothes even though he looks the same with the billowing cape.

When we leave the castle he doesn't walk near me. If a student is around and I'm standing to close he exclaims that he 'doesn't want to catch my idiocy.' He's been cross at me enough times for me to know that there is no venom in his words.

Once we are outside he begins fidgeting with the robes but not removing them.

"You'll look out of place if you wear that in muggle London." He nods half to himself.

"Perhaps I am dressed to casual. I did not have a say in what to wear today. Minerva said casual, and she ran with it." He's muttering to himself. "Will look out of place regardless. Not a good idea. Should go back to dungeons." He isn't talking to me. Suddenly he looks to me. "Perhaps we should just have a quiet night inside the dungeons." He's trying to return to his comfort zone.

"Nope. Take off the robes."

"Actually. Before we go. I wish to change. No. I change my mind altogether. Today isn't a good day. I have several papers to grade, and..." I begin unbuttoning his thick black robes. So many buttons. He doesn't fight me. "We could stay here." He pleads. "Next weekend would be better." Once I get to the last button I slides the robes off his shoulders and fold it. Once I shrink the long cloak I place it in my pocket.

"You will get it back after our date is over. Now let me check my date out." I don't have time to look at the slight blush on his cheeks. He's wearing faded blue jeans that cling to his long slender legs. The pants ride low on his hips teasing me with the occasional flash of pale skin. His shirt is black- would have won that bet. And words are written in yellow.

"What's your shirt say." He doesn't answer. I make him uncross his arms, and though he is reluctant, he doesn't stop me. "Always be yourself, unless you can be Batman- then always be Batman."

"You like batman?"

"Everyone likes batman. He's Batman.(1)"

"I just assumed you would have no interest in super heroes."

"Well it's not like I wake up early every morning to watch super hero movies. Minerva gave this shirt to me for Christmas a couple years back. She had seen a batman glass in my room and assumed I worshiped the crusader. And then when she found out my animi form is a bat..."

"A batman glass."

"On days when I babysat Draco, he and I would watch batman the following morning. It was his

favorite." He nods to himself. "I doubt you know that I am his godfather."

"I didn't. Between him and Harry- protecting them both, I'm sure you stayed busy."

"No. Draco has always had a lot of respect for Harry. Between you and me, I believe Draco may have a bit of a crush on Harry's friend." I find myself laughing.

"He likes Hermione?"

"Actually, I was referring to Mr. Weasley."

"I cannot see a Molfoy likeing a Weasley." Severus laughs to himself. A deep chuckle.

"He likes red heads and men with goofy grins. He also once told me, that the sidekicks are underappreciated and need love too." He's much more at ease and has been matching my stride step for step. We are equals. He does not look down on me, and I do not look down on him.

When the bustle of London surrounds us he pulls farther away. The action is abrupt as if he- for the first time- noticed the occasional bump of our hands. I don't let this deter me.

"Severus, I don't really know much about you. We've known each other a long time, but I don't know much."

"We have known of each other, but getting to know each other was never on either of our agendas."

"Let's get something quick for lunch, anything in particular you'd like."

"I'll eat anything."

"But what do you like to eat."

"I'll eat anything." He insists.

"You are making this difficult." Severus shakes his head.

"Come on. I know a place." I follow him and in about ten minutes we walk up to a food stall. No one else is around.

"Oh it has been awhile, and I see you brought a friend. Would you like the regular Mr. Alan." I turn to Severus. Who's Alan?

"Yes, and my friend would like the same." Severus smiles back.

"Next time you go to see Raven, make sure to give her my best."

"I will. Another time we will sit down and catch up." They exchange money for food and nod goodbye.

"Alan? Raven?"

"Here is your pizza cone. They are pretty good." He hands me the food and before I have time to revoice my question he leads me to some shaded seats. "Lily and I came to this part of London many times. Do you really think only the Marauders knew how to sneak out of the castle? We would play a game. We both had a character. Once out of Hogwarts we would put on our personas. Lily's was Raven Styx. Mine Alan Prince." He's eating slowly. "The Raven Styx persona was a well behaved docile heiress." He's smiling to himself. "And she expected to be treated as a

princess."

"And what about Alan Prince." He shakes his head.

"He was a shameless flirt, no need to bore you." I cast a tempus.

"We still have a while before our plans. Let's play a game until then." He looks up from the pizza cone.

"What type of game?"

"We really don't know each other that well. So we should remedy that."

"Okay. How will it work?"

"I will tell you three facts about myself. Two will be true and one will be false. You have to guess which is false. And then you tell me three facts. So on and so forth." He nods.

"Okay. Go ahead." He licking his fingers before wiping them on his pants.

"My middle name is Lee, I was once engaged to Neville Longbottom's mother, and I almost became a death eater."

"Your middle name is Lee. You did almost become a death eater to save your brother. You were once engaged, but it wasn't to Alice. So the second one is false."

"Very good. Your turn."

"Alright. Let me see. My first kiss was with Lily, My favorite color is violet, and my first job was tutoring." He smirks at me.

"It's got to be the second, but it's too obvious. Ugh, the second is false."

"Nope, violet is my favorite color."

"Okay, then the first."

"The third actually. Lily was my first kiss. Granted it was an accident- even at that age I knew I was gay. As for being a tutor. When I was about twelve I did tutor whoever needed my help, but before that I had many jobs. My first- if you can call it a job was street performing."

"What did you do? I can't see you being a street performer."

"Mostly I sang, though sometimes I played a harmonica."

"I didn't know you could sing."

"I'm adequate, but I was a cute child, and many women will drop loose change for a four year old. Granted the stories I would tell them helped. I would tell the women that I was trying to earn money for a birthday present for my mother."

"Why would you be singing on the streets?"

"Food of course. It was the easiest way to get money for food. I detested stealing- though I had to resort to that a time or too. Anyways. It's your turn."



"Severus. You were poor growing up." He nods.

"I thought the object of the game was to name off facts about oneself."

"Sorry. Yeah. I had a pet spider when I was a child, I pissed the bed until I was eight, and I'm afraid of the giant squid."

"Your pet spider's name was Laurence, You have been afraid of the giant squid since second year when it tried to drag you into the water, and you actually wet the bed until you were nine."

"How do you know all this about me?"

"I was obsessed with you. I hate to admit it, but I borderline stalked you. My turn. Your brother knew that I... was interested in you, I worked in a strip club, and when we were in Hogwarts I would substitute for professor Slughorn." He smirks at me.

"There is no way you worked in a strip club."

"I did, naturally I didn't do any of the stripping. I worked in the back doing odd jobs."

"Okay then. The one about my brother."

"We were close friends. He knew."

"So Slughorn."

"That one is right to actually. I used polyjuice. He would let me take over for his morning classes when he had a hangover. To tell the truth, I'm kind of growing bored of this game. I thought I would learn something about you, but I haven't yet."

"Okay. If your board." I inch closer to him. "Let me have a final turn. I thought you were the sexiest thing when I watched you fuck yourself in that bathtub." His ears are pink. "Every time I see you blush I want to jump your bones, and I'm wearing a white shirt." I smirk back at him. "Now. Which is false."

"I hardly think this is an appropriate place."

"I'm sure you don't think it's appropriate, but what about Alan Prince. I'm sure he will find this place to be more than suitable." I connect our lips. The moment is swift, but he pulls away quickly.

"If someone were to see two men in an intimate action, then no good would come out of it."

"Is that why you've made it a point to keep your distance. Severus, this is a date. Part of a date is holding hands, or kissing. No one is going to harass us, and if they do, we can kick their ass. We went through a war; I think we can handle bigoted comments." I notice his legs are pressed tightly together, though his face is blank. I hold back my sadistic need to tease him. Fuck he's adorable trying to hide his arousal.

"We shouldn't go out of our way to cause trouble. And I'm not into being groped in public." I nod.

"No, I guess you wouldn't be. You've always been very straight laced. It's okay to stray from that occasionally."

"Even being 'straight laced' didn't keep me from trouble."

"Fine fine, but I don't intent to let you off the hook tonight." He waves my comment away.

"That is acceptable I suppose. How much longer until you tell me what your intentions are."

"I thought you knew my intentions. I plan to be with you for a long time. I love you." His cheeks go slightly pink.

"I meant with this outing."

"You mean date."

"Same thing."

"Nope. Admit it's a date. I Sirius Lee Black am on a date with Severus (middle name) Snape. What's your middle name."

"I don't see why it would matter."

"I'm your boyfriend or lover or whatever title you prefer. I just want to know your middle name."

"Eileen. My mother was disowned by her parents when she married and bedded a muggle. But it was customary with the Prince family that the first child's middle name would be the mother's name. Even though she was disowned, she kept with that tradition. Now can we end the questions?"

"Why do you not want me to know things about you?"

"Another question. There are few good facts about me. Many of your questions have a depressing answer that I do not want to think about much less admit out loud." He shakes his head. "No. Some other time. The date is over. I have no interest in continuing."

"To bad. The date isn't over. Or do you want to return to Hogwarts without your robes." I grin at him. "Did you forget? Besides, we need to make our way there now."

"Where are we going?"

"It's a surprise." As much as I'd love to take his arm, I know he will refuse.

"Did you enjoy it?" He nods to himself. I can tell it isn't from disinterest, but rather from being in thought.

"There were many humorous moments and I found the characters relatable. Especially Alexander (2). His character is endearing. The way he can never seem to win, always second best compared to the commander."

"You really like movies." I find myself smiling as we walk side by side.

"As a child I found solace in hiding. I hid in book, movies. Anything, as long as it didn't remind me of my own life. Lily and I would watch movies together. Musicals a lot of the time. It's a brief moment. I don't care how obvious the movie is, sometimes it's okay just following the twists and turns. After all, any truly great movie would deserve to be watched numerous times. It doesn't matter if you know the ending, the characters are almost like family. It's okay to not worry over the ending and just watch as the characters grow and develop." He stops talking abruptly, his face is slightly pink. "I'm saying something odd."

"Not at all." I quickly encourage. "But I don't think I've ever looked at it that way. You have a unique way of seeing things. During our school days I never understood why Lily was so fond of

you. Only you. She openly detested males, but not you. This of course made James hate you more, but it took me until recently to understand her fascination with you."

"I was a mess. As a child I had very little interaction with others. I wish I could blame my sour disposition on that, but I've had plenty of time to grow accustomed to people. My father did not approve of magic. He couldn't accept that the magic was accidental. The punishment for using magic was three days in the box." He pauses for a moment. "The cage you saw. Sometimes I forget that you already know these things about me. Forgive my rambling." I lock my arm with his so that we stay in step. We have one more destination before we return to Hogwarts.

"I want to hear you say it. I had no business learning those things about you. Please continue. Only tell me what you want me to know or think I should know. I want to hear it from you." He's hesitant but after a moment of silence he does.

"The box meant no food. At night I had no choice but to stay in the cage. He would lock it at 7:45 every night, and unlock it at 8 in the morning. When he would catch me using magic the box would not be unlocked until the end of my punishment. Mother worked three days a week cleaning homes. There were many days that she would be home while I was locked in that box. As a child I consoled myself by saying that father had the only key. Come to find out most witches and wizards learn Alohomora by their first year. I tried not to think about that. I think the isolation fucked me up the most. Yeah the beatings were pretty bad. Father would try to condition me into knowing that magic is bad. He would hit my mom and make her use hexes on me. That's how I knew more hexes than the seventh years when I had just entered Hogwarts. When your mother uses dozens on you hour after hour, you tend to remember them. I try not to think about the sexual abuse."

I kiss his cheek and though we are still in public he accepts it. When I reach out my hand for his, he takes it. "Does it make me dirty? I've been used and discarded. What little self-worth I had was taken." I clutch his hand tighter.

"It's all behind you now."

"I joined the death eaters. It felt good to be accepted. To matter. I've been a spy longer than most people think. I joined the dark lord during my sixth year. A year out of Hogwarts and I had already went to Dumbledore to repent. During my brief period as a loyal death eater Lily still cared about me. She still saw me as someone important to her. I would go to her covered in blood- most of the time my own. She would never be angry at me. Sometimes she would cry. She would hold me. I think that if I were straight I would have loved her romantically. No place could feel as safe as her side."

"Do you feel safe with me?"

"Yes. It's not the same safety that I felt with Lily, but it is still warm. I'm afraid there isn't much we can talk about that wouldn't lead to more depressing topics."

"So you have a little angst in your life, Severus we survived two wars and neither of us had really good home environments. I understand not wanting to talk about the past because you feel like no one can relate, like they will pity you." He nods half-heartedly. "Here we are." He slightly tilts his head to the side.

"A coffee shop."

"Yup."

"But why a coffee shop?"

"Kind of like you and Lily, I also came to this area. Well mostly just this one little coffee shop. They have really strong coffee, the waitress don't hover, and starting at four they serve a few dinner options. You'll like it." I pull him beside me and we enter together. The staff mostly ignores us as we take a seat in a secluded corner. A tall man with his blond hair in a ponytail slides next to our table.

"What cha want to drink." He has a thick accent. Before we answer he looks to Severus. A wide smile stretches over his face. "Been awhile Alan."

"It has. Three years I'd say. I'm surprised to see you wearing pants, I almost didn't recognize you."

"Oh like you have any place to say that with the teeny tiny skirts you use to wear."

"I made great tips because of those teeny tiny skirts." The waiter chuckles.

"Yea I remember. Until that man tried to grope you." Both stare for a moment and then laugh loudly. "Is this your boyfriend? He's a cutie." Severus nods. "Babe, you gotta tell me where you got him, and where I can get one." Before Severus can respond he looks to me as if he just noticed my presence. "Anyways, I don't wanna hold up your date. What can I get you two cuties to drink?"

"Just a large dark roast. Black." I say simply. He nods and then our waiter turns to Severus.

"Let me guess whatever is the sweetest sugar coma inducing drink we got." Severus nods.

"Of course. And make sure to bring extra sugar to the table." The waiter smiles back and rolls his eyes before walking off.

"You are full of surprises."

"You've seen me drink tea; you know how sweet I like it."

"He said you wore short skirts."

"Well yes, but only when I dressed in drag. I mentioned earlier, I've had many jobs. One of which was working in a restaurant where all of the waitresses were men in drag."

"I don't think I can picture you in drag." He nods.

"But you have seen me dressed as a woman."

"What?" The waiter returns and sets down our drinks. We order a light meal and the waiter leaves again. "What do you mean I've seen you dressed as a woman?"

"Exactly as I said. You've actually seen me cross dressing a handful of times. I look really different."

"When?"

"For the Yule ball our last year. We danced together."

"I danced with a lot of girls."

"I was the one who's 'wand' poked you."

"No." He nods while sipping his drink. Wordlessly he drops in three more sugars.

"I was panicking. I thought I was found out but you easily accepted that the girl you were dancing with kept her wand under her dress. You weren't even suspicious."

"I can't believe you were the mystery girl. I looked for you. Tried to find you. But you weren't in any of the houses and I almost started to believe that I fabricated the entire dance. I can't believe you did something like that, what if we found out."

"Then you would have publicly humiliated me. So pretty well nothing different. It was my last chance to be close to you, and to be honest I really wanted that dance. Lily ran interference. I think that's the main reason she asked James to dance so that one less person would notice me. I don't have many happy memories, and that one dance is one of the few. It felt nice swaying."

"Okay. When were the other times."

"Lily's wedding. I was her maid of honor. We only briefly spoke that time. You told me that I looked radiant. She wanted me to come as myself, but she understood that it would have looked suspicious for a death eater to be there. James later was told it was me. I think that's when he started not hating me as much. When he found out I was gay and couldn't possibly love Lily romantically." He's smiling slightly. "The last time you saw me was just a coincidence. It was shortly before you were put in Azkaban. We were both at Honeydukes. You were buying toffee." The waiter comes back.

"Here you gentlemen are. Alan, you really should come back, or at least come visit us. We have all missed you so much. I work Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays."

"I'm afraid that my schedule is rather busy. I have very little time for anything. And I doubt anybody wants to see someone my age in drag." Tall ponytail guy turns to me.

"He's a sight to see. Trust me it's a shame he quit, the very next day our customers declined rapidly. People still ask about him."

"Lenny, I'm sure he doesn't want to hear about this."

"Actually I find it all very interesting. I've known... Alan a long time- we went to school together, but it wasn't until recently that I really started to get to know him."

"I never did get your name."

"Oh, it's Sirius." Lenny stands with his mouth agape.

"So this is Sirius."

"Lenny, I suggest you watch your tongue or I might just bite it off." Lenny smirks.

"Good to see that kitty wasn't declawed. Fine, I won't tell him anything, but either Monday or Thursday night you have to come. And I do expect to see Juliet, as well as," He turns to me. "Her new friend whoever she may be." He leaves us again.

"He seems nice. What wasn't he supposed to tell me."

"Nothing you would find of any interest. Let's just finish our outing and return to Hogwarts." He's cheeks are slightly flushed.

"Why are you suddenly so anxious to get back?" He isn't looking me in the eyes. His fingers trace the rim of the cup in front of him.

"I enjoyed spending the day with you and I am thankful that our date was nothing extreme. I am an introvert though, and I do not think I can handle any more social interaction with the outside world at this time. I would like to return to the dungeons where it is only the two of us, and perhaps be intimate as we briefly discussed." His ears are nearly glowing.

I have never gotten the check so fast in my life.

Once we were just outside of the wards I returned his trademark robes to him. Once they covered him he relaxed immediately. Few students are around since most will be in the great hall at this time. Regardless, he pulls away from me. A part of me is bothered by that. Baby steps.

The second our door closes behind us I slam him against it. It's been too long since I've tasted his lips. I want to taste all of him. He accepts my touches with minor reluctance. My fingers work his buttons, though without my full concentration the numerous buttons are proving to be a challenge. Both of his hands push against my chest until I am arm's length away. He then proceeds to breathe. Face flushed. He isn't looking at me. I follow his gaze and immediately step further back. Shit.

"Hello uncle Sev, it looks like you are having a good night."

"Draco, it's not like you to visit unannounced."

"I meant to tell Sprinkle ahead of time, but I didn't get around to it. Sirius Black." He nods to me. "I must say Uncle, that I always assumed that you would have excellent taste in men, it would seem that I was wrong."

"Drop the act, he knows already." The blonde's features soften immediately.

"Good, I really didn't want to keep that act up. So he knows everything. Like 'everything' everything?"

"Just about."

"How did that come about, why am I just now finding out?" He pulls away from me and sits down on the soft couch, I follow him. I don't know how close I am allowed to sit so I plop down at the far end away from him. He notices and slides closer to me.

"You could say that I adopted him. It sort of happened. Not that I don't love to see you, but why are you here?"

"Oh yea, I got a bit of good news." He rummages in his pockets.

"Grandchildren perhaps? I'm not getting any younger." Draco rolls his eyes.

"Don't hold your breath. But if it ever happens I promise you will be the first to know." He finally finds whatever he was searching for, then he promptly hands it to Severus. Dark eyes follow the words. When he smiles and goes to reread the document Draco starts smiling also. "But before I can become a potions master, I need to be a master's apprentice for a year. I was hoping that you could be my mentor. I understand that just because I am your godson you will not go easy on me. You never have before."

"I would be honored. Can I.. Can I have this?" Draco nods still smiling. "You need a cake. You deserve a large cake. Do you want chocolate or strawberry? Never mind. Both. You're getting both." Severus rubs his eyes quickly. "I'm getting this framed and putting it somewhere I can see it every day. Sprinkle." The elf pops in quickly.

"Yes Severus, you are looking in really good spirits this evening."

"Can you get this framed for me, and I need all the ingredients to bake a really big cake for Dra." He pops out happily. Severus leaves the room almost as quickly. Before I can see where he's running off too he pokes his head back in the room. "It will not take long to make the cake; the two of you can talk. I'm sure Draco will have many things to ask you about." And then the snarky potion professor swiftly leaves the room again.

"Uncle Sev is quite the doting parent. You should have seen him when my Hogwarts letter came in. And then when I was sorted into Slytherin."

"It's a good thing you were placed in Slytherin." Draco brows furrow.

"It's only a good thing because it made it easier. If I were sorted into any other house he would have been just as involved in my life. Uncle Sev is like a father to me. Without his guidance I am afraid to know how I would have turned out." Sprinkle pops in handing each of us a cup of tea.

"Here is your milk tea Draco."

"Thank you Sprinkle."

"And if neither of you need anything else, Severus is needing my assistance in baking your cake." He pops away.

Draco mutters while tracing the rim of the cup. "When I was little he would always make me milk tea. I only get it when I visit him. It only tastes this good when he makes it. Severus is my God father, my head of house, and someone whom I love very much. If you hurt him, I will castrate you. I've seen sides of him that shouldn't exist."

"I understand. He must really trust you to show you his vulnerable side."

"My father is not a good man. He groomed me from a young age to follow him as a death eater. Uncle Sev reversed his teachings. I asked him once why he would do that. If I would have went to my father and told him that Severus was telling me how evil the dark lord is. They would have killed him. I knew that he was loyal to the light. I could have gotten him killed. He just told me that it was his duty to see that I was raised correctly. His own life be damned. He told me that he made his choices, and that I should be allowed to make my own."

"So you helped him protect Harry."

"Yes, to a degree. I was still forced into joining, but I was never loyal to Voldemort. Severus protected me. If I did something wrong and Voldemort wished to punish me, Severus would ask to take my place on the grounds that I was his responsibility. My father would never protect me that way."

"It must be hard on you with your father in Azkaban." Chills take my spine as I remember that place.

"He deserves a worse punishment. Severus raised me. He tucked me in, he protected from monsters when I was little and when I was older. He led me as any parent would through every hardship in my life. The awkwardness of puberty, when I realized I was gay, the dark lord, nightmares. Everything. He has held my hand through all of it." He takes a sip and smiles. "He has never hidden anything from me. That's why I'm pleased that you also see how amazing he is. He truly loves you."

"It's difficult because he has a lot of insecurities. I want to spend the rest of my life with him, and I know he feels the same, but everything with him has to be done in baby steps. I know most of it's my fault. I was awful to him."

"When I was little I would stay with him at Spinners End. I'm afraid to tell you this, because if you don't already know... anyways. There is a room. It was his childhood room. The only thing inside is a cage. I found it. He told me when I was older what it meant, and why it was there. To this day he still has anxieties over being locked up. I told Voldemort. It doesn't matter my reason. It doesn't matter how afraid I was of that crazed man. In the end I told the enemy a way to hurt the most important person to me. I've seen Severus deal with hours of the cruciatus curse and look unaffected. Minutes into being locked up he looked so broken. I betrayed him. He forgave me before I could ask for forgiveness. He is more forgiving than others give him credit for."

"I know about the cage." I can't bring myself to say anymore.

"I don't want to see him look so afraid again."

"I will do everything I can to make him happy." Draco nods. Severus comes into the room and sits down beside me.

"Sprinkle will bring in the cake shortly. How is everything else going Dra?"

"Mother is still half crazed over father being locked in Azkaban, most days she doesn't even get dressed. But she's doing better. She knew the consequences when she fell in love with a death eater. Regardless I hate him. I hope he receives the Kiss."

"Draco you shouldn't say that. He may not have been a good father, but he did care about you."

"Uncle Sev after what he did to you, he deserves the harshest punishment possible." Severus tenses and then exhales.

"He wasn't the first. I cannot say that it is a fond memory, but regardless of what he has done to me, he does care about you." They aren't saying the word, but I know what they are saying.

"Did Lucius rape you?" Both look my way. Draco speaks first.

"Uncle Sev you do not have to answer that." Severus clinches his hands together.

"Yes. He has many times. Though it has been many years, the fact remains. For the record, I would like to state that many of the death eaters have violated me. It became a punishment. And I don't mean a punishment for me. Bluntly put few of the other death eaters wanted to violate me, I was a punishment for those that didn't act up to par. If someone messed up they had to have sex with me." How can anyone respond to that. "I'm sorry today is supposed to be a wonderful day."

"I'm sorry, it's my fault Uncle. I moved the topic to unsteady waters." Severus chuckles and the tension eases.

"It's not difficult with a past as murky as my own. But here is the cake. Perhaps the future will be much clearer." Somehow I feel like it really will be.



Fun fact. Gary Oldman (Sirius Black) also acted in Batman Begins, The Dark Knight, and The Dark Knight Rises.

Galaxy Quest. Another Movie with Alan Rickman in it... yes he is Alexander. For those of you who have not seen it.... I suggest watching it.. If only to see Alan Rickman with a weird prop on his head because he's an 'Alien'.

## Chapter 13

### Chapter Notes

This is a short chapter... but sadly that cannot be helped.... luckily I have one more to post before there's another gap. Onward my ducklings.

Draco left. And now there aren't any distractions. Suddenly just the two of us, Severus is showing obvious discomfort. He's sitting right next to me, but he's so far away. I wrap my arm around his shoulder and pull him against me. His shoulders are stiff. At this point I don't even think he's still up for us 'joining' together.

"It's still pretty early. Would you like to play a game of chess?" His shoulders instantly relax.

"That would be nice." I grab the muggle chess set and can't keep from smiling at the cracked queen. I take the white and move my first piece before he even sits down. My horse is out of the fence. He moves his rightmost pawn forward two spaces. "You don't care for slow beginnings. You're first priority is to always get your strong pieces out first." I move my other knight.

"A game isn't won by pawns." He moves the same pawn forward one space. His finger tip lightly touches the top of his cracked black queen. I move one of my pawns forward to allow my bishop escape my next turn.

"Without pawns the other pieces would have no way to win. They are the first line of defense. They are the first ones picked off in order to keep the strong ones alive." He moves his rook. My bishop is free. Two more turns and my first piece is taken- one of my knights by one of his pawns. I could only retaliate by taking one his pawns.

"I've never been very good at chess."

"You are good at many other things."

"Severus, I care deeply for you." He takes one of my rooks. I take his bishop. "I would like for 'us' to not be a secret." If I wasn't paying attention I wouldn't have noticed his fingers twitch.

"Why would you want something like that? It's fine like it is now." His knight moves.

"Severus, I'm not ashamed of you or our relationship. I'm assuming that you aren't ashamed of us?"

"I'm not ashamed, I'm just a private person, and I don't think it's a good idea for people to know." I'm about to speak when we both hear a timid knocking on our door. He gives me a pleading look and I change into Padfoot. He opens the door and a confident looking fourth year walks in and sits down on the sofa without being prompted.

"Professor Snape."

"It's getting late Mr. Denton." At the mention of his name he immediately breaks down and starts crying. Severus sits down in the chair across from him. Neither talks for a long while. Sprinkle pops in, pops out, and then pops back in with tea.

"Here you is, some nice tea." The house elf pats the child then pops away again. Severus doesn't prompt the child to speak. He pets me softly and sips his own tea.

"My parents found out." Severus halts drinking his tea for a moment.

"Am I to assume they didn't take it well?"

"They sent me a howler. They don't want anything to do with me." Those long beautiful fingers set down the cup. In one motion he embraces the child.

"With time they may come around. Have any of your classmates given you a hard time about this?"

"Not any Slytherins. We know that you don't accept that."

"Am I to assume that students from other houses are harassing you?" He doesn't respond. "I am your head of house. I will look after you as if you were my own child. I do not take this lightly. Even when classes are not in session you are still one of my snakes and I will do what I can, but if you will not rely on me, I can do nothing."

"Some Ravenclaw, and Hufflepuff, but mostly it's..." He trails off.

"I understand. In case you are unsure, there is nothing wrong with being a homosexual, and you should not allow anyone to treat you as if you are less than them."

"It's still hard. I didn't ask to be attracted to guys. And some of the things that have been said." The boy cries again.

"I will do what I can. You are sure none of the Slytherins are harming you?"

"No. They might not be okay with it, but none of them are saying anything. We all remember the punishment you gave to that second year Slytherin for teasing that Hufflepuff for being gay. It was legendary."

"That detention I reluctantly admit may have been too harsh. But it is something I cannot tolerate among my Slytherins. I will talk with your parents, for now try not to trouble yourself over bigoted comments." Severus glances at me. "If you see one of your brainless inconsiderate students harassing my snake and you do not punish them accordingly then I want nothing else to do with you." The student looks confused. When I shift back the student has a look of panic in his eyes. "Calm down, he would not harm you."

"People from my house are giving you a hard time?" He looks down timidly. "Can you tell me who." He isn't talking anymore.

"Mr. Denton, Sirius and I are in a relationship. He would not harm you. If you do not feel comfortable talking with him then I will ask him to leave, and our conversation would be confidential. I would not tell him anything that you tell me in confidence. But having another teacher know about your situation would be helpful."

"But what if he..." Severus eyes narrow. He looks pissed.

"I want the truth. Has any teacher... Any at all made a negative comment in regards to your sexuality." The student looks at his feet. "I am your head of house. You are my responsibility, and it's important that you trust me. Would you like for me to ask Sirius to leave?"

"He's gay too, so he isn't going to say bad things. Right?" I don't bother explaining how Severus is

the only man I've ever desired. "Professor Sinistra."

"What about her." His expression is blank, but his twitching fingers give away his irritation."

"She made a comment when she was discussing how the stars relate to mythology because apparently in mythology there are a lot of stories where the gods engaged in homosexual tendencies, and she was saying how it's dirty. I don't know if she meant to offend anyone, but it was the same day my parents sent the howler. And I thought she was looking at me when she said it, but I might have been imagining it."

"I will talk with her, at the very least it isn't her place as an instructor to be expressing her views about sensitive topics, go back to your room and get some sleep, I will take care of everything."

"Thank you Professor. I will try to get some sleep." Severus gives him a dreamless sleep drought as he leaves our rooms. The door clicks softly. He isn't looking at me. He swiftly stands and paces the length of the room. After his tenth lap he glances at me.

"Severus, it always amazes me how protective you are of your students."

"Some of my snakes have similar home lives as I did. I'm a teacher, if any student- even one from another house, yes even Gryffindor, if any student came to me for advice or with a problem, I will do anything to help them. It doesn't happen often that I get students from other houses, but every year I get a couple that did not feel comfortable discussing sensitive subjects with their head of house. Naturally anything said to me is confidential."

"Do you enjoy teaching?" He looks down at his hands.

"It is the most worthwhile thing I have ever done with my life. I did not have any plans for my future when I was a student here. I didn't expect to live past my teen years. I just always assumed my father would snap and just kill me. He talked about killing me often. I just learned for the sake of it. I was neglected as a child and because of that I didn't start talking until I was 5. Children learn by hearing their parents talk, but I spent most of my life in a small room.. cage. Lily was the first person I talked to. She helped teach me. I learned fast, and I just became obsessed. I started learning foreign languages because I hated not having the ability to talk." His eyes are dull, like he's not really talking to me.

"Severus." This brings him back. Now that I've called his name I realize that I don't know what to say to him.

"Perhaps it is time that our relationship is known. It's too late to speak with that woman tonight, but tomorrow morning I will. We will not be received well by many, do you still want this? For people to know that you are dating me." I don't miss how he words it.

"Of course I do. Severus, I love you. The people we care about already know; so, I don't care what the rest of the world says."

"We are very different. What if the parents decide that they don't want a couple of faggots teaching their children?" He states then sits back in front of the chess board. "Sorry, it's a quirk, I hate to leave something unfinished." I join him.

"I don't think Dumbledore would fire either of us just because the parents don't like our sexuality?"

"No. After all, I'm pretty sure he has a bit of sugar in his coffee." I stifle laughter.

"But you are still worried about tomorrow?"

"I worry anytime others have a reason to judge my self-worth. But regardless Sinistra and I will be having words. It is not her place to force her views on a student." He checkmates me. "It's late, let's go to bed." He changes in front of me and although I want to touch him I hold back. Baby steps. I'll have him soon enough and when I do I won't let go.

# Chapter 14

## Chapter Notes

This will be the last chapter for a while until I can finish some more... until then try to be patient my ducklings.

I wake up to an empty bed, this isn't wholly unusual since Severus often wakes up before me. Groggily I follow a series of mumbling outside out bedroom door. A fully dressed potions master is pacing. He doesn't look anxious like he did last night. His robes are billowing behind him; it reminds me of how he use to be. No, how I use to feel about him. His face is pulled into a hard mask. His eyes aren't smiling at me when I wish him a good morning. Instead of greeting me like he normally does he continues pacing. He looks tired.

"After breakfast there is a staff meeting. After Minnie goes over what she wishes to discuss I will talk with Sinistra. I do not want to talk with her privately about this and have to repeat this same discussion with another professor a month from now.

"Everything will be fine." I'm not use to being the voice of reason, but I feel better when he smiles at me.

"This isn't about me and my sexual orientation anymore. I will not allow anyone to harm one of my students. You should hurry and dress. I'll wait for you." The gentle tone calms me. He's acting how he always does outside of this room. Cold and hard. Like he's refusing to let anything break him. He's closed off.

I dress quickly and we do not speak on our way to the great hall for breakfast. He doesn't eat much and it makes me nervous. Not to long ago he was dangerously thin due to not eating. I don't want him to go back to that. He turns to look at me and our eyes meet. As if reading my mind he smiles slightly and brings a spoonful of eggs to his mouth instead of simply pushing them around on his plate. Under the table he holds my hand and I feel like a young boy with a secret again.

When we leave the Great Hall to walk to the staff room he walks close to me. Our shoulders bump together slightly and he doesn't pull away. He hasn't said anything snide to hold up appearances. When we sit down he sits next to me and I find his fingers and intertwine them with mine.

"Alright, as you all know this time of year has an increase in sick students especially with that new strain of the flu going around. Severus, I will need for you to brew the necessary potions for Poppy." He nods. "Do you have anything to add Poppy."

"All of the staff is required to take a flu shot, all of you have except for a certain potions master that I expect to see by this evening." She cuts Severus a look.

"I believe I have already gotten my flu shot."

"Yes, for last year. You need one every year." His hand tenses before he calms slightly. "That is all I have to say." Our new headmistress nods while Dumbledore's portrait cheerily offers lemon-drops to everyone.

"I expect to see a report of how each of your classes are doing by the end of the week. And we have also had an increase in students out of their dorms after curfew."

"That's to be expected. This is only the second year after Voldemort's defeat students are feeling safer the longer that he's dead. The sneaking out is about the same as when I was a student; now that they do not fear a madman breaking into the school it only makes sense that they will return to sneaking out." Severus is calm when he speaks. His eyes close briefly. "I have something that I need to say to you Sinistra." She looks at him; her eyes are hard.

"What would you have to say to me?"

"I'm asking that In the future you refrain from forcing your ideals on the students." She quirks her eyebrow.

"What are you talking about?"

"I had a student come to me anxious over his sexual orientation and as it turns out one of his teachers -you- were making ill comments about homosexuals."

"I might have said something during class, but I did not single anyone out."

"He feels that you did. He was already under stress from his parents not accepting him and then a teacher makes him more anxious. You do not have to accept him, but keep your views to yourself, it isn't your place to condemn him."

"Honestly Snape you're making out like I'm personally offending you." She tries to brush his anger away.

"By making one of my snakes feel ashamed of himself, you are." Both of his hands slam on the table as he stands.

"Oh don't even pretend like you care about any of the students. And I don't believe for one moment that any student in this school would go to you for any reason other than learning how to join you-know-who. We all know you were a death eater." Dumbledore looks angry. So does Minerva.

"As a teacher it is your job to teach the students and guide them, not to force your ideals on them." His voice is even. "Do you even know how many students you may have harmed with your careless words."

"Well how many students have you guided into the care of you-know-who?" She jabs back.

"I am not sure, but I remember the face of every child that I deterred from that path." He pulls up his sleeve exposing the mark. "I joined when I was still a student. I had one friend. School was hell. Home was hell. I joined Voldemort to get away from that."

"I wish you wouldn't call you-know-who by his name. Only fools call him by his name." Sinistra is talking. I turn to Severus. His eyes turn gray.

"That name is a spell that he created. It allowed him to track those that did not fear his name and kill them. I was only loyal to that man for a short period of my life before I realized how evil he is. Still. Knowing all that I do now. Knowing how he tortured and killed innocent people including my only friend, I have never feared him. And I will not start after he has been killed." The air is heavy. He laughs slightly and many eyes widen having never heard him laugh. "Now my father on the other hand is a different story. That man was terrifying." A few staff members calm down slightly.

"I understand, I was always careful to mind my father growing up, he was a very stern man." Professor Sprout laughs slightly. "He adored me; he was a good man I miss him dearly."

"My father passed when I was still in Hogwarts, I was seventeen." Everyone is looking at Severus. Some people are saying the customary phrases: 'that's too bad.' 'It must have been hard for you.' He stops them. "I was glad that he died."

"Are you okay Severus?" Minerva looks worried. His eyes glance to Sinistra.

"I was so happy when he died that I couldn't wait to tell Lily. The day of his funeral we both went to go spit on his grave before going out to celebrate." Everyone is tense. He giggles slightly. "I hated that man. You see he use to enjoy beating me. Locking me in a cage. Often him and his friends would take turns raping me."

"Severus, you are obviously not feeling right. I'll take you back to the room." I try to pull him away.

"One minute. I know what I'm saying." He turns back to the other professors looking right at Sinistra. "When he found out I was gay his abuse became much worse. I was thirteen at the time. You see my father was a muggle and he believed that using magic labeled me a freak. And it was perfectly okay to rape and beat a freak. Freaks also don't get to eat at the table like a person. No. Freaks have to eat on the floor and they can only eat the scraps that are left over. But then he found out I was gay. Well, things got much harder for me. Aside from Lily the only person I had was my head of house. A man that is required to council me in times of need. When I told him that I was gay he responded less than ideally. Informing me that homosexuality is wrong and evil. I felt sure that there was something wrong with me. And then another Slytherin comes along telling me that many people are attracted to the same gender and it was okay if I was as well. It felt right to be accepted. That Slytherin was Lucius Malfoy. I messed up, but had someone -like for example a teacher- told me just once that it was okay that I was attracted to males maybe I wouldn't have messed up and sold my soul to a monster." He's calmed down slightly.

"Severus?" He doesn't turn to look at me.

"No one is less of a person based on their sexual orientation the color of their skin or what blood they have. Voldemort wanted to kill everyone that didn't have pure blood because he saw everyone else inferior. How are you any different. You will not harm any other student of any of the houses. I will not tolerate it. Not from anyone."

"But you hate the students." is all she manages to say.

"Severus has always been very understanding of the students and their needs. I've had a lot of my Gryffendores in the past go to him for advice. Some are more comfortable talking to him instead of me. He may be outwardly cold to many students, but a lot of them feel comfortable talking with him. Sinistra, Severus is right it isn't your place to press your views on to the students many of them are fragile at this age. It's a confusing time for them and as teachers we must try to aid them however we can." She looks angry.

"No one can truly be gay; they are only confused. The only real relationships are between a man and a woman. It's wrong."

"I can assure you, I am most definitely gay." His hand has curled back into mine under the table.

"Oh please. Your standards are so low you would probably accept anyone. You act like shit, you look like shit. You are hardly in any place to be choosy with relationships. And once someone



found out about your past I doubt they would stay with you anyways." I open my mouth to speak when Severus's hand grabs my sleeve. I look over to him and his face is blank.

"Sinistra that is both rude and unprofessional. I will not have a member of my staff speaking like that to another. Another comment like that and you will be dismissed from this school."

"I love Severus." I don't care to see anyone else's expression; I only look at Severus. "I was always cruel to him. I was so sure that I knew the type of person he is, but I didn't. Now I do. It didn't take long for me to realize that I was in love with him." He's looking at his hands. His cheeks are pink, but he looks happy. "We have been in a relationship since before term started, and I plan for us to be together for the remainder of our lives." I turn to the seething witch. "He's completely adorable, and I will not tolerate anyone talking bad about him."

"Salizar, please don't say that out loud." He's hiding his face in his hands.

"But you said we could tell people that were together."

"Yea, but did you have to say it like that. It sounds to mushy; it's embarrassing."

"I could have told them you thought I was a dog so you adopted me and we watched musicals together." He actually starts laughing. The tension in the room dissipates.

"Yes, but who would believe that. They would sooner believe that all of my neighbors like and trust me." He sobers. "Sinistra, No matter how I may act towards them, I do love these children. I do not care what you have to say about me. I usually deserve the things said about me. But they are children just finding out who they are."

"You're such a softy." I tease.

"Go fuck yourself." He jabs back. "Now if no one else has anything left to say I have to grade some potions tests for a bunch of brainless Gryffendores, know it all Ravenclaws, bumbling Hufflepuffs, and my perfect Slytherins." He leaves and I find myself laughing.

"I love that man." I shake my head slightly. "I should get going. I have some things to do as well today."

"How can you be with him?" Sinistra again. "There is nothing good about him."

"I use to think that too before I got to know him. He told me people would tell me that I'm to good for him. There aren't many people who know; he's a cute bastard." Dumbledore is laughing.

"He would always grumble and complain about coming to my office saying that I'd spend half an hour offering lemon-drops, but every time he went to honeydukes he would get me a bag. I made him a head of house for a reason. He's the best for the job. There were many other Slytherin teacher who wanted to be head of house, but I chose him. He's such a private man it took me years to get past the giant wall. I'm surprised he agreed to let this relationship go public." I cut my eyes to Sinistra.

"His student was crying. I think it was more for the students benefit." I smile. "But I plan to take full advantage and shout it from the astronomy tower. "

"Stupid mutt."

"I love you too."

"So I've heard. From half of my students actually. Apparently someone was shouting from the top of the astronomy tower that 'Sirius Black is in love with Severus Snape.' Do you know anything about that?"

"You said we don't have to be a secret anymore. It just seemed the most effective way to tell everyone at once." I'm smirking at him.

"You're lucky I love you."

"But will I get lucky because you love me." His cheeks heat slightly. "And if only half told you maybe some didn't hear; I should go back to shout it even louder."

"I don't think that is necessary."

"Let's go back to our rooms, haven't you graded enough today."

"I still have a lot to go, but you can go back first. You don't have to wait here for me."

"No, it's fine I can find something to entertain myself.."

"Suit yourself then." I wait twenty minutes until he is absorbed in his work. Once I'm sure he's distracted I softly walk over to his desk where he is sitting and I kneel on the ground beside his chair. Still having not noticed me I take the opportunity to unzip his pants and release his flaccid penis. He startles. "What are you doing?" His eyes are wide.

"I'm entertaining myself. Just ignore me; don't you have a lot of work to do." I watch him swallow and halfheartedly return to marking tests. I slide in front of him half under the desk.

"If someone comes in.."

"Then we'll ask them to join. Or you can just be quiet. Unless you want everyone to know how you sound when someone sucks you off." I lick the pale member tentatively. He's choking down a whimper. "You've been stressed lately. Let me take care of you." His face is already flushed. He's already half erect. I suck the head into my mouth being careful of my teeth. Both of his hands are tangled in my hair. My hands press into his thighs to spread his legs farther. I slide his pants down when they continue to get in my way.

"You don't have to do this." His eyes are glazed over.

"I never thought I had to. I want to taste you." He clinches his eyes tightly when I return his dick to my mouth. It's salty. When his hips thrust up slightly I don't stop him. I let my hands relax on his sides while I force my throat to relax. I can feel his erection sliding down my windpipe, I'm so unuse to it that I have to force back the urge to gag out of reflex. But I'll get use to it the more often I 'service' my boyfriend.

The quiet whimpers he's making have turned me on and I find myself moaning despite my mouth being full. The vibrations make my lover throw his head back. I pull his dick out of my mouth to return to sucking lightly on the tip. He's leaking so much precum and I find myself licking up every drop. I didn't think I would enjoy doing this. I've never sucked a man off, and I just thought it would relax him I didn't think I would happily be taking his twitching dick back into my mouth. But when I close my mouth around the organ and bob my head slowly my own erection twitches.

"Gotta stop." He whisper. His body is screaming for me to do anything but stop. "Please no more." I pull away with one last lick.

"Does it not feel good?" Damn. I hope that's not the case. I mean yeah, I've never gotten a blow job that didn't feel good, but I was always sucked off by girls that knew what they were doing. Granted I don't. But those sounds. It had to have been at least decent. He hasn't said anything. His ears are pink and his eyes are hazy. "It's my first time doing this so I'm not very experienced, but I'll get better."

"Feels good. But don't have to..." He's panting as he lays his head on the desk. I'm still under it so I can see him. He's still very hard. "You don't need to do this." I kiss his thigh and although he tenses at first he doesn't ask me to stop. I repeat the action.

"Your legs are so pale. Just like the rest of you." His long legs are entirely to lewd. It makes me want to grind against them. I've been spending too much time as Padfoot. Those long legs are clinched shut gating off the distance between my mouth and his erection. "I enjoy doing this for you." And also for me. Just the sounds you make are enough to make me want to do this again, but your taste is arousing.

"Dirty. You shouldn't suck me." The desk is muffling anything else he has to say. Dirty. I push his chair back and stand up. It feels good to be off my knees. I stand him up and take the chair from him. He's watching me carefully. When he stands the pants fall the rest of the way down, but he's watching me so curiously he either hasn't noticed or doesn't care.

"There is nothing dirty about you." He's getting nervous. I connect our lips for a brief moment then turn him around.

"What.. what are you doing?" His voice is trembling with panic.

"Trust me my love." He calms slightly. I bend him over and instinctively his hands grasp the front of the desk, one of his knees is half on top of the desk. Just watching him I can tell he is fighting between panic and trusting. One of my hands goes to his hip to steady him, the other grasps his straining erection and strokes him slowly. Once his shoulders relax I press my tongue to tentatively lick his hole. It twitches and he whimpers.

"Don't do that. Dirty." I repeat the action but push my tongue in deeper.

"Severus, have you ever had anyone give you a rim job?" When he doesn't answer I take my hand from his dick and spread his cheeks. Sucking lightly I smirk when I hear him moan.

"Don't have to do this."

"Yes I do. Because it makes you feel good. And you have such a cute pick ass. It makes me want to fuck you with my tongue even more." He's trying to quiet his moans. "Just trust me Severus. If you really want me to stop I will. But something being embarrassing isn't a good enough reason. I know you trust me to not do something that would cause you pain." I flick my tongue over the wet hole. "Don't you enjoy this. Doesn't it feel good." He's whimpering loudly.

"Yes. It feels good." I lift him where both legs are on the desk; his upper half is forced down where he's lying on his elbows and knees with his ass in the air.

"I'm going to make you feel even better." I press my middle finger to his entrance and push it in and out while licking outside. "Will you stroke yourself for me my love." One of his hands snake down to grasp his erection. "Your ass is sucking my finger in. Beautiful."

"Feels good." He breaths out. The exhaled admission encourages me. I'm so hard it's painful.

"Severus, I want to try something, but don't be afraid." He nods. I remove my pants and boxers and

start jacking myself off. I've been hard for so long I know that I won't last long, but that's fine. My finger presses in and out of him and I stroke myself faster. He's openly moaning now. His voice intoxicates me. One day I'll make sure his voice screams my name.

"Siri.. please. Feels good." He's whimpering.

"Severus, I'm about to cum. Don't be afraid." He nods to lost in pleasure to care anymore. I stroke myself a few more times as cum starts pouring out. Most of it lands near his entrance and on his back. I'm tired, but I choose to lick the cum off his back first.

"It's warm." He says quietly. My index finger joins my middle in pushing my cum inside his tight ass. He half screams but his twitching erection shows he's obviously enjoying the action. Bit by bit I bring all of the remaining cum to his ass and push it inside until he's full. By this point he's trembling.

"It's all inside of you Severus."

"Nnn. Yea. So much."

"How do you feel love?"

"Feels good. Please. I want to cum. Please stop teasing. I need to."

"I know love. You will soon." I take my hands and spread his cheeks; I smile when some of my semen trickles out of his ass and down his leg. I follow the trail with my tongue and return it back to his sweet ass. My tongue repeatedly presses into his hot ass until he can't even scream anymore. A finger joins my tongue.

"Yes. Right there Siri. Feels wonderful." Fuck I'm hard again.

"Keep talking Severus." I suck his hole tasting myself.

"Fuck Sirius. That's too much. I can't believe you're eating me out. Wanted you to. Dreamed about it so many times." My fingers spread his hole so that my tongue can dart in and out.

"How does it compare."

"Real thing is so much hotter. Sirius. I'm close. Shit, gotta move the tests." All of the tests under him are in the 'splash zone'. My hand goes to stroke him faster. The other fingers his ass.

"Mmm. Sorry Professor, but my hands are full." Both of his hands are firmly on the desk to steady himself. "Maybe you shouldn't be naughty and turn me on outside of our bedroom." I stoke him in time with my tongue fucking his ass.

"Sirius. So close." I remove my tongue to start grinding against him. My hand continues massaging the engorged organ. "Sirius!" I could easily push my dick into his tight ass. But I don't. Baby steps. I stroke him faster.

"Cum for me. Show me how good I made you feel." He doesn't need any more prompting as his hips shake violently.

"Yes! So good! Sirius." His body goes limp as wave after wave of pleasure take control of his body. "Sirius." He's whispering my name. Once he collapses on the desk I pull his clothing back onto him and straiten them. He's too tired to stop me. "What are you doing?" His eyes are drifting. I pick him up bridal style and he actually relaxes into my hold.

"I'm carrying my lover back to our room so that I can continue showing just how much you turn me on."

"People will see you carry me."

"Good then everyone will know what I intend to do to you and they won't bother us today." I smirk at the tests covered in cum. "I would imagine you'd prefer us continue on a bed."

"Yea. That sounds nice." His hands grasp my shirt. "I want to return the favor and see how loud I can make you scream." I'm definitely getting lucky tonight. "But can we take a bath first?" Maybe a couple of times.

"Only if I get to clean you with my tongue."

"That's a deal as long as you make sure to be thorough."

## Chapter 15

### Chapter Notes

I know it's been a terribly long delay, but here it is. Finally the smut. Finally the next chapter. Onward my ducklings.

Bath first. I run the water while he is undressing. I'm already in the water before he's finished. "Come on in love." He nods quietly and carefully slips in. I pull him on my chest and start washing his back. He's exhales contently. I was sure that he would be ready this time.

The moment we got to the room all of his confidence vanished.

"I will do no such thing." His face is burning red.

"Severus. Do you want to have sex with me?" It's a loaded question. I know he does. "I don't want to hurt you."

"You already thoroughly prepared me; it's fine."

"Severus. I want you to enjoy our first time. I want it to be the best sex you've ever had." He exhales.

"I'm consenting... so it will be. Sirius, I can't... I'm not like you. It's just awkward."

"There is nothing awkward about looking at your partner during sex. I need to see you to make sure that I don't hurt you. I know you aren't going to be forthcoming if you are experiencing discomfort."

"I don't want you to see my face." The words come out unrelenting despite the insecure message. His eyes are locked.

"Why." He pulls back slightly. Talking to Severus is like fighting a war. I must take every opening I see. "Why do you not want me to see your face slack with pleasure." His hand loops behind him to grasp his other arm.

"I may not experience pleasure. I do not know how I will respond. I do not like not knowing how I will perceive something. I have already decided that if you touch me and I do not like it then I will simply... tolerate it." I grasp his arms and pull him to the bed.

"What do you mean tolerate it." He doesn't answer. "Severus. It's just sex. If you don't like it, then we won't do it." Baby steps. Now isn't the time to get upset with him. "Do you want to have sex with me."

"Of course I do. I am a man after all." He's sitting beside me and my arm wraps around him.

"Severus. Talk to me."

"Sex is a normal part of relationships."

“Well. Yeah.”

“It’s only natural to want to be intimate with a partner. At some point I will have to concede or you will leave.”

“That’s not true.”

“Can you honestly say that you could go the rest of your life celibate simply because I am afraid of sex.” He’s got me there. It’d be hellish.

“I wouldn’t cheat on you, and I wouldn’t leave you. I have been in relationships with girls who didn’t want to have sex.”

“When you were a student. Tell me. How long did those relationships last?” I’m not going to lie to him.

“Not even a month. No. less than that. Some of them didn’t even last a week. I was a kid though. I only wanted sex at that age. I’m not the same as I was then. You know that.”

“You don’t understand. You shouldn’t have to be in a celibate relationship. It’s not fair to you that I have hang-ups. So we are going to have sex. Just do whatever you want and I… will be fine.”

“No.” I don’t like this. “I’m not going to force you to do something you aren’t ready to do. If I need to give you more time, then I will.”

“You don’t understand. I will never be ready!” He’s screaming. “It doesn’t matter how pleasurable you make it. It doesn’t matter how long you wait or what position we do it in. The moment that it comes time for sex, I can’t feel positive about it.”

“Severus calm down. We are just talking.”

“Stop it!” His eyes are fury. “Stop talking to me like I’m damaged goods. You don’t have to be gentle with me. You don’t have to watch how you say things. Stop treating me like some virginal female.”

“Severus. Why are you angry. A moment ago you were fine. If you don’t want to have sex, then we won’t. When you are ready then we can try again.”

“You don’t understand.” He’s huffing.

“Yes I do. You are afraid.” Bad move. Never accuse Severus Snape of being afraid. His shoulders sag and all rage drains from his eyes.

“I cannot see the difference between sex and rape. I cannot think of sex as something different from rape. I’ve tried.”

“Severus, I don’t have any intentions of forcing you to..” He cuts me off. His voice is low.

“And I don’t want to be talked to like a rape victim. Even if it is true. I want to have sex, but the moment we start I will panic.” I don’t know what to say to him. He will be upset either way. “If we can do it without me looking at you then I think that I’ll be okay.”

“I’m not going to let you hide. If we have sex, then you will be looking at me. If you can’t do that, then we will wait.”

“I can’t look at you during.”

“Then we will not be having sex. I won’t make you do it every time, but for our first time, you will be facing me. You will let me see your face, and you will see mine.”

“No.” The rage is coming back but it vanishes just as quickly. His body sags as he exhales. “If I get scared, I don’t want you to see me panic. I don’t want you to see me like that. It’s not... attractive. I don’t want you to see me like that.”

“I don’t. I’m not a smart man, and I’m really not the best with words, but this is just a part of you. It doesn’t define you. If we start to have sex and you panic, then we will stop. If you cry or scream, then I’ll comfort you. If you want to be on top you can. Or if you want to ride me that way I’m not pinning you down, we can do that too. All I ask is that we are facing each other. Anything else that you want. I’m okay with anything else.” I’m smiling at him as gently as I can manage. “Severus, I love you. Even if it takes some time for you to be okay with intimacy, even if you are never okay. I still love you. If you are reluctant for the rest of our lives, I’ll still love you. Sex and rape are two different things. One is assault. It’s different. It feels different. Do you want to have sex with me?”

“Yes.” The word is a hushed whisper.

“Do you want to try now?” His eyes are clinched shut. “Is there something that I can do that will make you feel more comfortable.”

“Would you be opposed to me restraining your arms.” He’s trying to sound nonchalant. “I think I’ll feel more comfortable if I know you are restrained.” It’s a start. I’m not opposed to being tied up, but I never thought it would be for a reason like this.

“If that’ll make you more comfortable, then I’m fine with it. Do you want me to lay on my back?”

“Yes.” Once I’m laying comfortable on the bed he transfigures some sheets into ropes.

“I can’t say I was every really into bondage play.”

“We don’t have to do it like this.” He looks half frightened. No. It’s important for him to feel safe.

“It’s okay. Go ahead. I trust you Severus.” The words make him freeze.

“Trust.”

“Yea. I trust you.” I’m smiling at him and the ropes drop from his hands.

“I don’t want to tie you up.” He looking at his hands.

“But a moment ago,”

“A moment ago I was afraid to trust you. You aren’t going to hurt me. I know that. I know that I know that. I want to trust you. And tying you up is just a way where I don’t have to be potential hurt by you. If I say stop you will. That’s all I need to be concerned about. And if I ask you to stop, you will not make me feel bad about my inability. I need to trust you. Can we... try again. With you touching me and us trying to have sex.”

“I’ll expect to be looking at you. You know that.”

“Yes. I know. I trust you.” The words come out half strangled. I’m not sure he even believes himself, but I don’t push the issue.



“Climb into my lap Severus.” I stay on my back and let him press his hips to mine. We are both still naked from our bath. “Do you think you are still stretched from earlier, or should I prepare you more.” His breathing is shaking, but he doesn’t climb off of me.

“I don’t know.” One of my hands loosely grips his hip.

“Do you want me to finger you Severus?” He’s erect and subconsciously grinding down on me. He hasn’t noticed. When he nods slowly I bring my fingers to his lips. “Will you suck them for me Severus?” His eyes close as he slips the three digits into his mouth. I thrust my fingers in and out of his mouth and he grinds his hips faster into mine. “Get them really wet Severus.” I press my fingers down on his tongue and he sucks faster. When I pull my fingers away his mouth releases them with a pop. “Can you lift your hips a little for me Severus.” He freezes. “Not much, just a little.” He exhales slowly before hesitantly lifting his narrow creamy hips.

“Is this enough?” His voice is husky.

“Yes Severus. That’s perfect.” I slide my index finger in first. It goes in without any resistance. Still. I slowly thrust my single finger inside of him. I can go slow for him. I pull my finger out and rub the entrance. “I’m going to use two fingers now. Are you still alright?”

“Yes. I trust you.” His eyes are clinched tightly together. Again he takes both fingers easily. Good. I’m glad to know that I stretched him this well earlier. I file that thought away for later. I scissor my fingers wide and his breath hitches, but he doesn’t ask me to stop. His beautiful erection is pressed against mine. When I move my hips up against his, he moves down against mine.

“Third finger okay?” He’s nodding, eyes still closed. Severus is moving his hips faster and I’m choosing to take it as a good sign. The third slides in much more difficultly. “Good. You have all three inside. Still feeling okay?” I move them slowly and he exhales.

“I’m fine. I trust you.”

“Thank you Severus.” I curl the fingers inside of him trying to find his prostate. I’m still not very familiar doing this, but the little mewls he releases occasionally encourage me. My free hand rests on his bottom. “You look beautiful Severus.” His eyes shoot open as he looks at me incredulously. I only smile up at him. I move my hips with his and soon we have a rhythm. I’m moving my fingers inside of him much faster and thus far he’s allowed it. “Are you ready for something bigger Severus.” I thrust against him meaningfully. He swallows nervously.

“Yes. I’m ready.” I pull my fingers from him and lay my hands relaxingly on his hips.

“I’m going to help you get situated Severus. Just lift your hips a bit, I’ll help. I’ll get you lined up, then all you have to do is ease down at your own pace.” Once I have his hole just above my dick he slowly lowers himself. I groan when the head of my dick breaches the muscles. He pulls back up and repeats the action several times. Each time it is a personal battle to keep from grabbing his hips and thrusting in fully. I will not betray him in that way. He slides lower down before repeating the same slow process. “Relax Severus. I don’t want you to hurt. You are in complete control.” He exhales and then I’m fully encased inside of him. “Fuck. So hot.”

“Full.”

“That’s right Severus. You’re doing well. How do you feel.”

“FULL!” His hips are rocking. His breathing is shaky. “Good. Good.” His body trembles as he

lifts himself only to ease back down.

“Can I move Severus.” His glazed eyes look at me, and he simply nods. I start a slow but steady pace. He’s already bouncing on my dick. His hands are flat on my chest. “Feels good?” His eyes are tightly closed as he nods.

“I trust you.” He whispers.

“I love you. Thank you for trusting me Severus. I won’t betray your trust. I want for us to both feel good.”

“Yes.”

“Do you feel good Severus?” I ask more directly. He’s biting his lip for a moment before he nods. “Can I move faster.”

“Please. Yes faster.” One of his hands is rapidly stroking himself. “It’s still scary, but I’m okay. I trust you.” I thrust faster into him and gravity pulls him quickly back down to me. Restrained moans fall out of his mouth, and though I wish he were more open. It’s a start.

“I’m so proud of you Severus. I know you’re scared. But you look so beautiful right now.” He cums with a shaky breath and the way he pulls his fist up to his mouth to quiet all of his sounds is all it takes to send me over the edge. My hips slam forward and a pleased moan leaves his tight lips. I can’t keep from spilling my cum inside of him. The way his head rolls back, I can tell he doesn’t mind. “I’m sorry Severus. I didn’t mean to cum inside of you.”

“Nnn. It’s alright.” He says tiredly. I lay him on his side and then I slip out. I don’t tell him my cum is leaking and pooling under him. I don’t tell him that his hand is grasping mine and not letting go. I don’t tell him that he’s falling asleep in a bed that we’d just used for sex. I don’t tell him how warm his feels pressed against my side.

“I love you Severus.” I do tell him that.

## Chapter 16

### Chapter Notes

Alright my ducklings, we are going to call this the conclusion. Maybe I could go further, but I think this story has covered enough ground. I know this chapter is short (especially for a conclusion) and it's been a long time coming, I wish It were longer I just simply ran out of inspiration and really didn't want to dramatically change the plot so onward my ducklings.

I feel groggy. I want to sleep longer but my blanket has run off. I slide on my boxers. I faintly hear a shower running when I test the knob it isn't locked. Surely he won't mind. After all I need a shower too, and saving water is always good. So I let myself slip in and climb into the shower behind him.

"Want me to wash your back?"

"I thought you were sleeping?"

"Well I was, but my blanket left me to take a shower. How am I supposed to sleep without my blanket?" I softly scrub his back. Last night was amazing. I didn't want to go to sleep, and now that I'm awake, I don't want to stay out of bed. But we both have classes to teach.

"After class I will be going to see Lenny. He's expecting both of us, but if you do not want to come I will not force you."

"It sounds like fun." I'd much rather us have a repeat of last night, but I doubt he will want to have sex for a while. I'm sure he's still sore.

"You do realize, if we go you will be expected to dress in drag." Severus in a skirt.

"I don't really think it would suit me." I don't know that I would want to dress in drag, but I need to see Severus in a skirt.

"If I can make myself look desirable then I can make you look like a model. I've already informed Albus and Minerva that we will be absent for dinner in the great hall. All you have to do is devise your own drag name." I still don't know that I want to dress as a girl. I really don't think of myself as gay, but seeing Severus in a dress is worth anything.

"Well it's not like I have any clothes. I mean. Female clothing."

"I have that taken care of. If you choose to accompany me, then I already have an outfit for you taken care of. I would take care of dressing you. If you choose to come. If you do not wish to, then I will simply go alone. You will not be accompanying me or seeing me in drag unless you are in drag as well. Tonight I planned to reintroduce myself. I felt it appropriate since I now see myself in a much different light than when I was 'Juliet'" He pulls from me and steps out of the shower. A towel is slipped around his hips. Severus looks over his shoulder at me and smiles toothily. "I can assure you though, when I am not myself, I am a sight to see."

He leaves me under the mist alone and impossibly hard. My answer was already made. After our

classes were taught, he instructed me to sit down.

“This will take a bit of time. Some of the things I’ll do, may seem odd.”

“Why not just use magic.” He blinks a few times.

“Where’s the fun in that?”

“It would be easier, though right?”

“Easier perhaps, but. The fun is in the transformation. I could make a potion to give me breasts or completely turn me into a female, but that isn’t the point. Create a character. Someone you strive to be. Then become that person.”

“Severus.”

“Alluring or naïve. Feminine. Strong. Independent. Beautiful.” He takes a glue stick and starts to glue down my eyebrows. It’s weird as fuck, but I let him. “Sometimes it’s freeing to be someone else.” There is a bag of makeup. I can’t even begin to understand what he’s doing. The process takes about twenty minutes. “I laid out your outfit on the bed, and I have about a dozen wigs. You can choose whichever you like. I moved them into the bedroom as well, go finish up while I get ready.” I do as he asked.

On the bed is a modest but elegant dress. It’s tight on me, but I manage to slip it on. It’s a silver shade with white lace. Of the wigs, I choose the one with long black hair. I’m afraid to look at myself in the mirror.

“Severus, I put the dress on. I’m really not sure if this is a good idea though. I’m sure that I look ridiculous.” The bathroom door opens and a tall goddess of a woman steps out. I wouldn’t believe that this were Severus.

He... She is wearing platform heels. Shapely pale legs stretch forever until they are cut off by an impossibly short skirt. So short that he can’t simply be wearing boxers underneath. Soft curves at her chest allude to supple breasts covered by a strappy halter top. Short blond hair softly falls against her ears as sharp eyes take in my appearance.

“My name is Onya Night, it’s nice to meet you.” The voice is silky and confident. “I’m sure we will both have a lot of fun together.”

“Severus you look...”

“I apologize. You must have me confused with someone else.” The girl smiles gently. “My name is Onya.” Impossibly dark eyes flicker in amusement. “I’ll help you get ready. You seem to have forgotten to wear a bra. That simply will not do. Men might mistake you for an easy woman.” The front of the dress is pulled down as ‘Onya’ helps me fasten the strange contraption.

“How did you manage to make it look like you have breasts.” Onya looks at me in brief confusion.

“I was born with them honey. Completely natural. I’ll admit they are a bit smaller than I would like, but they suit me just fine.” If it wasn’t for those eyes, I would be fooled. Severus has transformed. Right now, I truly believe that she is Onya. “You never did tell me your name sugar.” My name. What is my name.

“My name?”

“Yes honey. Everyone has a name.”

“I’m not good at coming up with names.” Onya smiles gently.

“You don’t have to come up with anything. Who are you?” I don’t know how to answer that. I pause for a moment.

“Phoenix. My name is Phoenix Star.” Onya kisses my cheek.

“Stay close to me and you’ll be fine. The rest of the girls are a bit flamboyant, but they are harmless.”

With my arm in Onya’s, we floo together. We chat about our lives with one another.

“Yes, I worked my way through school waitressing.”

“What do you do?” She asks me.

“I’m a teacher. What about you?”

“I fancy myself a bit of an actress.”

“That sounds so much better than teaching. Tell me more about you.” And she does.

“Do you have anyone special to you.” Onya asks me.

“I have a boyfriend.”

“Not tonight you don’t.” She’s laughing. “There’s nothing wrong with being in a relationship, but you don’t want the guys to know that. Then you might actually have to pay for your own drinks.”

Her fingers are in mine and I just wonder how she is able to walk so easily in those tall heels.

Guys flirt with us, and I find that I don’t mind. ‘Onya’ never leaves my side. She has an air of confidence to her that I’ve never known Severus to have. But then, this isn’t Severus. ‘She’ introduces me to several old friends of hers, and I actually enjoy it... even if dressing in drag isn’t my thing.

With her arm in mine, we start the trek back to Hogwarts.

“I had a good time tonight. I didn’t think that I would.”

“It’s refreshing. To be someone new I mean. To be someone that isn’t hated or disliked. It’s a good feeling.” She’s being open. Focused eyes watch me intently.

“I love you.” I find myself saying. She smiles. Easy and comfortably.

“I know you do. I wouldn’t have believed this would ever happen to someone like me. I’m truly happy.” My arm wraps around the lean body.

“So. Are you glad you adopted me?” A soft easy laugh leaves those chapped lips. I so want to kiss him.

“I wasn’t really looking for a pet, but everything worked out for the best.”

“I wasn’t really looking for someone to spend the rest of my life with.” The easy look leaves his

eyes.

“You don’t have to you know. If you ever change your mind, I’ll understand.”

“Just because I wasn’t looking for it, doesn’t mean that I’m not happy to have found you.”

“I guess I’m still not completely use to having someone in my life.” Gently I take him in my arms and kiss him intently. I can only image how it looks to ‘women’ kissing in public.

“It’s alright baby steps. One day you will be.”

It’s quiet around us. But it’s a comfortable quiet.

“Sirius. I really do love you.” The words hold a hidden meaning. I can tell just by his tone. He’s begging me to understand.

“I’m not leaving Severus. Not ever.” I can’t be sure, but from the way he smiles... I think he believes me. And for now... for now that’s enough.

# Epilogue

## Chapter Notes

I really hated the ending that I had, but I couldn't think of a better way to end it. So here is my second and final attempt at an ending. I don't know if it will be considered better, but I feel a bit better about this ending than the old one. Onward my ducklings.

## Epilogue

I turned Black Manor into an orphanage. After I had it decursed of course. There was no need for us to have three homes. Severus and I spend the majority of our time at Hogwarts anyway. The three of us do.

It took a couple years before Severus finally got it in that thick untrusting skull of his that I wasn't going to leave him. In all honesty I think in the back of his mind that he's still prepared for me to lose interest or whatever it is that he thinks will make me leave him. But it took a couple years of me begging- both as his pet and boyfriend for him to agree that we should adopt.

It was more or less him agreeing to get me to stop begging. There were potions that he could have taken for us to have his own, but he was adamant that if there was going to be a kid raised by us, it would be one that wasn't biologically ours. He wanted to adopt. He wanted to give a stable environment to someone that didn't have it. What more... he insisted that if we adopted, then it would not be an infant.

He said in his blunt tone that he wanted someone 'unwanted'. He told me that if we were going to adopt, then he wanted someone 'unwanted'. He didn't waver from those words. I didn't really need to ask him why. It was pretty obvious. So with his very strict guidelines, we went in search of 'our child'. A child no younger than twelve that was likely to never be adopted.

We found her.

Carina.

A young girl- fourteen years old. Her parents died when she was six and her immediate relatives did not wish to adopt her because she was a squib. All in all, she looks pretty plain with an olive complexion and dark hair. Her eyes are a dull color as if she's lost any interest in the world around her. She refuses to listen to either Severus or myself. Somehow she's found a way to be as stubborn as her adoptive mother... father.... Whatever.

All of that said though.

I couldn't think of someone better to be our daughter.

Her education is delayed and Severus spends a lot of time with her. She almost always refuses to give his lectures the time of day, but patiently he continues. I can tell that she's just waiting for us to give up on her. I can tell that she's just waiting for us to send her back because she wasn't good enough.

"I don't get it." She says blandly.

“Well, let me see if I can explain it a different way.” Severus has been going over muggle literature.

“Don’t bother.” She says rolling her eyes. “I’m too stupid to get it.” Her tone doesn’t have any heat or cold behind it. She says the words as if they were a well-known fact.

“No daughter of mine is stupid.”

“Well I hate to break it to the two of you, but I’m not your daughter.” Her eyes challenge him and it would almost be humorous to see Severus meet his match, but he doesn’t get frustrated. He doesn’t raise to the bait.

No. He smiles.

“It’s okay now.” He says very calmly. Very lovingly. “I understand.”

“You don’t understand anything!” He nods calmly and understandingly.

“You weren’t wanted.” Okay. Didn’t expect him to say that to her. I really hope he knows where he’s going. Her eyes are narrowed in irritation. I can see her preparing to throw insults at him. This wouldn’t be the first time. She actually has quite the vulgar vocabulary.

“Take it back.” She says icily.

“I will not. You were not wanted because you are a defect. Right?” Her teeth are clinched together. “You are a squib and your own family did not want you simply because of something you had no control over.”

“Take it back!”

“No.” He says back.

“Severus?” I say but he doesn’t even look in my direction.

“I told you, I understand.” His words are very calm. “My father didn’t know that my mother was a witch. He didn’t want me either. And he made it a point to tell me how unwanted I was each and every day. I can’t relate to anyone that grew up in a loving and stable environment. I’m not able to comprehend that, and I don’t even know if I could recreate an environment like that. I don’t have a frame of reference. We aren’t your parents. I have no intention of trying to replace your parents who must have loved you very much. You don’t have to think of me and Sirius as a replacement because we aren’t.”

The anger that was raising seems to be fading away.

“You can get angry still.” Severus continues. “I got angry a lot. Did a lot of bad things to deal with how angry I was. And how isolated I was. I’m not your parent and you aren’t my daughter, but you are stuck with us until you at least turn eighteen. Until then. You just have to deal with us. But. No daughter of mine is stupid, and I will make sure that you have the knowledge to go to any muggle college you desire and make whatever life you want. Once you can take care of yourself, if you decide that you want nothing to do with Sirius or myself then fine. But until then, we are a family.”

She doesn’t seem to know what to say to him. She’s only been with us for about a week, and it could still be too early to expect her to feel comfortable around us. Severus however doesn’t care. He’s the same way he’s always been. He says what’s on his mind rather it’ll be well received or



not.

“You should have adopted someone else.” Is all she says.

“No. We made the right choice.” Severus says flipping pages. “He’s a pain in the ass, I’m a pain in the ass, and you are a pain in the ass. You fit right in.” Turning to me, Severus locks eyes.

“You were going to help her with history, right? I’m pants as history.”

“Yes yes. But I think it’s about time she takes a break. Being tired isn’t going to help her improve quicker. I think she’s done enough for today.” She looks hopeful at this and Severus agrees silently.

“Fine, she can be done for today, but tomorrow I will be helping you catch up in your studies.” She’s basically homeschooled while living in a school that she can’t attend. When we adopted her, she was far behind on her assignments because she just stopped doing them. She stopped caring.

“I’ll start cooking, Severus you can go take a bathe.” He nods thankful.

“I don’t see how you can put up with him.” She says to me once he leaves the room.

“For a long time, I didn’t. To tell the truth when we were students at this school, I was friends with a group that pretty well hated him. We terrorized him. Tortured more like. I was completely awful to him.”

“I’m sure he deserved it.” She’s glaring at the doorway. “He’s annoying.”

“That’s just how he shows he cares.” I say pulling out pots and pans. We don’t always eat in our rooms, and I could ask Sprinkle to just bring us something to eat, but this is fine. It’s nice to think of us as an actual family. “Severus isn’t good with talking. He trips over his words and says the wrong thing. It’s easy to misunderstand him. Carina, Severus was reluctant to adopt a child because he knows his own short comings. Most people dislike him until they get to know him. Once people get past his sharp tongue they can see that he’s actually a nice guy. I think Severus wanted to adopt a child that reminded him most of himself.”

“I’m nothing like him.”

“You are shrewd, understandably cynical, untrusting, and as Severus not so eloquently put it, unwanted. You are very much like Severus. It’s actually very cute to watch the two of you interact.” She’s unleashing her glare at me. Yes, so much like Severus. “You are already preparing for when we throw you away, and Severus is already preparing for when you throw us away.” Her mouth hangs open not knowing how to respond. “He’s already prepared himself to adore you and for you to never open up to him. But at least you will be able to support yourself. He’s decided that if he cannot be your family that he will at least be your benefactor.” Her eyes soften a bit. “He’s a hard ass, and brutally honest, and painfully stubborn, but most parents are.”

Severus must have decided on a short bath because he comes back relatively quickly still drying his hair.

“This weekend, we will make a trip into Hogsmeade and muggle London. I have a few ingredients that I need to get, and you’ll be needing some more clothes.” Severus isn’t even bothering to look at either of us as he dries his hair.

“I don’t need any clothes. I have clothes.”

“Secondhand that are either too big or too small.”

“It sounds like a fun outing.” I say trying to keep the peace. “Other than clothes, is there anything else you need or want.” She opens her mouth to say something then closes it back. Awkwardly she crosses her arms.

“I do need a few things. If I could just borrow a bit of money and visit a drug store then...”

“Sanitary napkins and tampons are all under the bathroom sink.” Is all Severus says while taking over the cooking. Her face is red and she’s not saying anything. “You do not have to be concerned with borrowing or paying back. If there is something you require, all you have to do is tell us. Surely there must be something you wanted but couldn’t have when you were living in the orphanage.” She’s still red and silent. Severus exhales. “Why does everyone make this out to be such a big deal. You are a female and it is natural for your body to go through changes. Anyone who makes you feel uncomfortable for such a thing is an asshole. Please don’t think of Sirius or myself as men we are just your pseudo parents. If you need something then we need to know. At first it may be awkward as we all get use to this arrangement, but I’m sure that will be temporary.”

“I want a cat.” She says very quietly. “We couldn’t have animals at the orphanage. And I want a cat.”

“I don’t believe in purchasing animals that were bred, when there are many animals without homes already, so it will have to be one from a pound. As I’m sure you can imagine, any animal that is from such an environment will have their own issues and hang-ups. They may be untrusting and need a lot of patience.”

“Why’d it have to be a cat.” I say and Severus smirks at me.

“And you will play nice with it.” Severus says still looking at me. Turning back to our daughter he looks very gentle. “I think adopting a cat is a great idea though. True it will take a lot of responsibility, but you seem plenty mature enough for that.”

“Is it really okay?” She asks.

“Of course. So you are a cat person.” He’s laughing lightly. “I can respect that. Personally though. I’ve always been a bit of a dog person.” His eyes cut to me and I feel warm all over.

“Stop that or it’ll make me blush.” I say and Severus just giggles more. Our daughter looks between the two of us. “I’m an animagus. A dog animagus. You see. I told you that I use to terrorize him when we were students.”

“Oh, already telling her our thrilling backstory of love and woe?” He says sarcastically.

“Oh hush you.” I say. “Well. I had shifted into a dog and Severus thinking me a stray took me in. He basically adopted me. Then I found out that this sour faced sweetheart was positively smitten with me and there was really no going back.”

“You two really love each other then.” She says this absentmindedly. “You just both seem so different.”

“He wore me down. I refused him many times, but he was just so persistent that I eventually gave up.” Severus says. “I’m... very happy now.” Fuck. This man. He has a small pleased smile on his face and I want to take him into my arms and kiss him passionately... but I will wait until tonight.

Severus finishes up dinner and we all sit at the table. I know this is still difficult for her, but I have no doubts that she will eventually get use to our quirky family.

She's flawed and difficult just like Severus. She's untrusting and guarded and Severus doesn't even seem deterred by this. In fact. He's all the more intent to love her unconditionally. I already love her. She's so much like my lover that it's easy to think of her as ours. And this isn't my first time trying to convince someone that I love them. I know what to do. I have to be patient.

Baby steps.

## End Notes

1:Love Actually is a movie set during Christmas time. It is a great movie with many stories that all intertwine together. I choose for Snape to watch this movie because (if you didn't already guess) Alan Rickman (Snape) is also an actor in... dun dun dun... Love Actually.... In fact (Sporior) the same character Snape is angry at for cheating on his wife... yea... it's him... I had to... and just to make it better the character is named Harry.... Ha ha. Laugh please... I thought it'd be funny.

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